

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Twenty-Ninth Year of Issue

June, 1949

Coming Soon

► POSTERITY, THAT EARNEST STUDENT of our times, will doubtless make eagerly for this issue of *The Canadian Forum* in order to discover what the Great Election of 1949 was all about. As we cannot yet follow the attractive example of Old Caspar and report that 'twas a famous victorie, we are at a loss; only our unfaltering sense of duty to Posterity induces us to press on.

At the moment there appears to be neither a dominant issue nor that sense of a historical moment that made the last election, coming in 1945, seem significant. In 1945 the parties themselves rose to the occasion. Conscious that the victors would have either the glory or the odium of directing the nation in the crucial first years of peace, they pitched their campaigns on a high note. "For the dawn of a new day," cried the Liberal advertisements. "Security with Freedom! . . . Build a new social order—vote Liberal." The Conservatives, without the advantage of having actual achievements in social legislation behind them, bravely went into the campaign with the unwonted tag of "Progressive", urged the case for building the new social order without paying for it in taxes, and for want of a better selling point touched up the pale personality of their leader in a series of advertisements that treated him (said Mr. Mackenzie King) "like a new breakfast food". But the Conservatives as usual fell victims to their inherent tragic flaw and could not help hammering at a dead issue—conscription,

that year. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, a major force for the first time, genuinely believed in a new social order, and drove home the basic issues of the day in a manner that improved the tone of the election though it failed to persuade more than a fifth of the voters.

What have we in 1949? Again a Liberal government is going to the country with a good deal of leftist talk. The new Liberal leader, Mr. St. Laurent, has gone so far as to call the CCF "Liberals in a hurry". Looking at the record of his government, we can readily agree that the official Liberals have not been in a hurry. The new social order is still to be built, as are the "at least 50,000 dwellings" that the Liberal party promised in 1945. It can be said that we now have a "National Health Plan", but it is interesting to recall now the words of the advertisements—"A National Health Plan will ensure that everybody shall be taken care of while they are sick." As for the White Paper on Employment and Income, presented immediately before the election of 1945, and outlining an admirable Keynesian plan for cyclical budgeting and a shelf of public works—where is it now? A CCF question in the House brought the admission that the shelf of public works at present provides



"HURRY UP FELLERS—GET THE RUDGY THING OVER WITH!"

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for the employment for a short time of about 17,000 workers—an answer that startled even the Treasury Benches. In view of all this, Liberal professions of liberalism are likely to leave a lot of voters cold in 1949.

The Progressive Conservatives are again assaulting the stronghold with a new leader in charge. Mr. Drew has a very definite personality indeed, and the McKim advertising company will hardly find it necessary to use the breakfast-food technique on him; in fact, he is so violently disliked in so many quarters that such strategy would be foolhardy. The Conservatives are more frankly Tory in this election. The new social order is, so far, less apparent in their speeches. Their cry, of course, is "democracy"; but it is directed specifically against social legislation. The Drew party naturally claims to be in favor of social legislation, but its attack is against bureaucracy, not against the utter failure of the government and its bureaucracy to keep prices down. Mr. St. Laurent's remarks about "Liberals in a hurry" brought from Mr. Drew the rather neat retort that the Liberals were "socialists in low gear"; this sets the keynote of his election song, which starts with the illiterate but effective assumption that socialism and totalitarian bureaucracy are identical, and goes on to charge that the government is deliberately leading the nation into socialism. Once more the Conservative weak-

ness of dwelling on the past is damaging the party's case. Mr. Drew insists on talking about dominion-provincial relations and the conference of 1945, in which his alliance with Mr. Duplessis of Quebec played a most disastrous part. His object is to present himself as a champion of provincial rights. This leads him into an obvious continuation of the Duplessis alliance, and a tacit repudiation of his imperial, Protestant, and conscriptionist principles. This should confirm an already strong Maritime and Western impression that he represents the business interests of the wealthy central provinces. This impression will be reinforced, especially for working-class people within the central provinces, by the Asbestos incident, which we discuss on another page.

The CCF still presents the only definite and reasoned proposal for a new social order. The cautious leadership was overruled by the national convention last summer in its attempt to postpone nationalization of the banking system. The party policy remains positive and coherent. The party drive does seem to lack something. Its growth has not been as spectacular as in the war years; and the anti-socialist press seems to have realized at last that it is dangerous to give the socialists too much free publicity as the great enemy. Nevertheless, the CCF is certainly destined to be one of the major parties of the country, and in one way or another this campaign will be a step in that direction.

Now we are dangerously close to the edge of prediction. Even without the terrible example of last November in the United States, we should hesitate to commit ourselves in an election that comes immediately after a redistribution of seats, a change in the basic constitutional method of allotting seats among the provinces, and the addition of a new province. The familiar 245 can no longer be airily handed out in our speculations according to the proportions we think fit; the unknown 262 face us as an inscrutable enigma. We can swing one leg over the proverbial limb, however, and suggest that the Liberals are weaker under Mr. St. Laurent than they were under his notable predecessor, but that the broken promises of their government will be palliated by the continuation of reasonable prosperity in our cold-war economy; that the Conservatives have received fewer votes regularly in each election since the Bennett victory in 1930, and that trends are stubborn things; that the CCF is the only one of the three that really seems to take the public interest seriously, and that there ought to be some reward for virtue. And there, Posterity, you are.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Twenty-Five Years Ago

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Nothing could illustrate better than the vote on the 1924 Budget how firm a place the idea of compromise has established for itself in our parliamentary system. Even the advent of a third party appears to have scarcely challenged the accepted position that the thing to be aimed at in legislation is not what is thought desirable but what is thought opportune. If the actual vote on the budget is any criterion the failure of Mr. Meighen to command more than 58 votes against a total of 170 for the budget would suggest that public opinion in Canada has moved a considerable distance since the days of Macdonald.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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High Statesmanship

The recent re-definition of Commonwealth relations will occupy legal minds for some years to come. And to those who think of the Commonwealth in terms of white skins and a gold crown these must be sad days indeed. But what we have witnessed is a kind of high statesmanship that the poor world so sadly needs. For such an agreement involved seeing beyond past prejudices and hatreds, a freeing of the mind from doctrines and formulas, a quickness and flexibility of approach that allowed for the consummation of grander purposes. A refreshing spectacle indeed in a time of increasing dogmatism, obscurantism and fear.

May Mr. Nehru keep India behind him. And may the Commonwealth association assist the present government of India in its historic and tremendous experiment. This experiment, crucial to the future of the world, is attempting what the majority of scholars feel to be impossible—the establishment of strong and vital parliamentary institutions in an Asiatic country. The problems challenging this experiment are tremendous, but the prize at stake is the whole of south-east Asia. That this experiment will proceed within the Commonwealth is both a tribute and a challenge to that association of nations.

It is unfortunate that Ireland has not similarly been able to conquer traditional attitudes, to eliminate the blindspots of its political perspective. Perhaps if Commonwealth statesmanship of the last thirty years had possessed the wisdom that it does at present, a much more satisfactory arrangement would have been possible. Nevertheless, Irish leadership reveals a desire to co-operate, to go as far as its public opinion will allow. This must be met by equal understanding and friendship by other members of the Commonwealth.

Berlin Blockade

Only rarely are the items of international news received with satisfaction by people in all parts of the world. The announcement of the agreement between the East and the West on the termination of the Berlin blockade was such an item, and though the significance of the event was interpreted differently in New York and in Moscow, it was greeted by sighs of relief in both capitals.

To most enlightened people in the West the cold war is more than a struggle between the countries separated by the so-called Iron Curtain. It is a struggle for peace, a peace allowing for a free development of the best faculties in all men. In this light the cessation of the military games in Berlin is but a small skirmish won, meaningless unless followed by a series of successful major battles. These would have to end in an agreement between the State Department and the Kremlin on how the East and West can live side by side, peacefully and without fear. Bi-lateral and quadrilateral diplomacy would have to be replaced by a really effective United Nations and a normal free exchange of goods and ideas between all countries would have to be assured.

Such a solution of the international problem is unlikely and at best remote. But so long as there is a dim hope for such a solution, we, in Canada, must work as effectively as we can for its realization, and we can do this by instructing our diplomats to try to lessen the currently raging hysteria and by assuring that, at home, the fruits of our liberal tradi-

tion are not spoiled by it. At the same time we must not be blind to the real danger of communism, which does not lie in its armies, but in its ideas. The full realization of this task can be the only effective Canadian reaction to the ending of the blockade in Berlin.

Franco and the Atlantic Pact

Franco Spain has bedevilled international politics since San Francisco. On the whole, the western powers have stood firm—no Spain in the U.N.—no Spain in the Western family. But as visions of post-war co-operation among the victorious nations have crumbled, as the threat to peace has led to increasing emphasis on geo-politics and strategy, Spain's position in the western world is becoming again a matter of increasing controversy.

But surely there is no doubt of the position the Atlantic powers should take. To hint that Spain should be an American base on the continent is to make nonsense of the Atlantic Pact and it is not looking at the facts. Surely it has become evident by now that to pour money, materials and skills into tyrannical and corrupt regimes is a fruitless task. And to the peoples of western Europe already divided enough, would not such a move mean a serious sapping of their morale? Perhaps sheer material power if overwhelming enough can compensate for lack of spirit, although the Maginot Line did not save France in 1940. But in western Europe today, there is not that power, nor will there be for some time to come, if ever. The psychological factor is the crucial one. What military aid is granted, what strategic planning is developed must not be based on strategic calculations that deny democratic purposes and hopes.

In a recent article on "Foreign Affairs," External Affairs Minister Pearson wrote that the Atlantic Pact must not in any circumstances become "an instrument of unimaginative militarism." Moves to include Spain in the western comity would represent the sort of thinking against which Mr. Pearson warns. May Canadian policy adhere firmly to the principles it has announced.

Asbestos Strike

Five thousand asbestos miners in Quebec have been on strike now for over three months. That strike is not only an unprecedented event in Quebec: it is one of the most dramatic struggles in the history of Canadian labor, and its social, economic, and political implications are certainly of national, if not international, significance. Yet it has received scant attention in the Canadian press outside Quebec.

On February 13 the 2,100 workers of the Johns-Manville plant at Asbestos went on strike. They were soon joined by the 2,500 workers of the Bell Asbestos Company at Thetford Mines. The Quebec Labor Board revoked the certificate of the union and declared the strike illegal because the dispute had not been submitted to arbitration. Immediately the Johns-Manville Company called upon the government to protect its property, and Duplessis sent in a hundred and fifty provincial police. On February 21 the Asbestos town council formally protested that the police had been drunk and disorderly, had "committed indecent acts in the streets," and had "used violence against the employees . . . with evident thought of provoking trouble." In March the company charged the strikers with dynamiting a company rail-

road and kidnaping a mine official, but the local people claimed the police created those incidents. The police are said to be receiving an extra \$50 a week from the company: a set-up which *Le Devoir* terms "a lease-lend of the provincial police to Johns-Manville."

For twelve weeks the strikers conducted themselves with extreme propriety, refraining from picketing because that would be illegal, and attending church each day to pray for the granting of their demands. Then early in May the "most gentlemanly" strike ever seen in Canada erupted overnight into one of the most violent. The trigger that set it off was the rumor that Johns-Manville was bringing in strike-breakers. Road barriers were thrown up and all cars coming into the town were stopped. Seventy-five carloads of police were rushed in, and the Riot Act invoked. Violence died down, and a week later fifteen strike leaders were arrested.

The Catholic Union of Asbestos Workers is affiliated with the Canadian Catholic Confederation of Labor, which has generally been regarded as far from militant in its collective-bargaining tactics, and as reluctant to strike if it could be avoided. The union was demanding union security through the Rand formula, wage increases of fifteen cents an hour (to raise the basic wage from eighty-five cents to one dollar), and better control of the deadly asbestos dust. Negotiations had been under way at least six weeks before the strike started. The general council of the Catholic Syndicates set up a \$100,000 fund to aid the strikers.

In March the three major labor congresses, the CCL, the TLC, and the Catholic Syndicates, met in joint conference to combat Duplessis' anti-labor program, and issued a statement of support for the strike on behalf of the 250,000 organized workers in the province: an unprecedented display of labor unity.

Even more surprising is the attitude of the Catholic Church, which has heretofore frowned on strikes. The parish priest, Father Philip Camirand, who is the union pâtre and has veto powers over union decisions, declared: "If I were a miner I would be on strike". The Catholic Sacerdotal Commission of Social Studies, a group known as the "Modernists", who believe that the Papal Encyclicals on Social Justice should be interpreted literally, called on all Catholics to aid the strikers through church collections. Representatives of the Duplessis government are said to have appealed to the Canadian Papal Delegate, Ildebrando Antoniutti, to intervene, but if so, the appeal was unsuccessful. At the height of the riots, the Archbishops of Quebec and Montreal asked that strike collections be taken on Sundays in all churches until further notice.

Politically, too, the strike has tremendous significance. The Catholic Syndicates used to form the backbone of Duplessis' support, but now they are bitterly opposed to him and his whole anti-labor program. In the coming federal election that feeling will no doubt express itself against the Progressive-Conservatives, with their Union Nationale alliance. (An interesting sidelight is that Ivan Sabourin, the leader of the Progressive-Conservatives in Quebec, is the legal adviser of Johns-Manville.) Since Drew's bid for power depends upon substantial gains in Quebec, this might well be the deciding factor in the election.

Whatever the outcome, the asbestos strike is certain to have far-reaching effects. The change in the social pattern of Quebec, the weakening of the barriers between French and English trade unionists, and the shifting political alignments will make themselves felt throughout Canada, and the reversal of the Catholic Church's position on economic issues may well be felt far beyond our national boundaries.

Let Them Eat Bread

Recent nutritional investigations in Canada have shown evidence that malnutrition is widespread. In view of this it is difficult to understand the statement of Dr. E. W. McHenry of the department of public health nutrition of the University of Toronto when he recently spoke before the Ontario Bakers' Association. Dr. McHenry was quoted in the press as saying that it is not necessary in Canada to enrich the nutritional value of bread by addition of synthetic vitamins, except in the province of Newfoundland. Dr. McHenry goes on to state quite correctly that Canadians can get all the vitamins and minerals they need from milk, fruit and vegetables. They can—if they have the money to buy them. The income of a large number of Canadians is much too low to allow for the adequate purchase of these items. Consequently they rely considerably on bread which is still the cheapest form of food to be had. The average weekly income of workers in eight Canadian cities (Feb., 1949 Dominion Bureau of Statistics) is \$41.10 which means that the average wage of Canadians as a whole is considerably lower.

The argument to enrich or not to enrich boils down briefly to this: there is a division of opinion among nutritionists as to whether or not the artificial inclusion of synthetic vitamins in white flour is as healthful as the natural vitamin of whole wheat flour and such flours as Canada Approved flour which is milled in such a way as to retain more of the vitamin content than occurs in the white flours sold ordinarily in Canada. Those who are in the camp of the natural vitamin are responsible for the Canada Approved brand which came on the market during the war and was received with so little enthusiasm by the general public that it is now carried by one chain store only in Toronto. The present sale of the flour is under 3 per cent of all flour sold in Canada. These enthusiasts for their product argue that all that needs to be done now is to alter public taste. This is more difficult to do than appears on the surface. A case in point is the experiment in Switzerland during 1937 to 1939. A drive for increased consumption of brown bread was started in 1936. In 1937 all millers were ordered to produce only flour containing 85 per cent of the wheat kernel. By means of an educational campaign and a government subsidy, consumption rose to 75 per cent of the total in the month of January, 1939. Thereafter the consumption rapidly dropped to 20 per cent by April although the government subsidy of 25 per cent continued. When the subsidy was reduced to 12.5 per cent consumption dropped to 10 per cent of the total by the middle of 1939, which was the proportion of brown bread consumed before the inauguration of the program.

The argument of natural versus synthetic vitamins is an argument for the laboratory and will probably go on for another fifty years. Canadians should not in the meantime be denied enriched flour which is now compulsory in most of the states in the United States, and Newfoundland. The late Dr. Tisdall, speaking in January, 1943, to a conference of millers, bakers, nutritionists and government officials, stated that according to available evidence the national diet was deficient in thiamine, riboflavin and probably niacin and that there was no use in making Canada Approved flour that people would not buy, and that in any case did not relieve the riboflavin deficiency. He agreed that the only sound procedure was to make an acceptable flour as high as possible in natural vitamins and to use that flour as a carrier for the needed mineral elements and synthetic vitamins. It has been estimated that the proposed enrichment which would allow for close to one half of the daily requirements of thiamine, riboflavin, niacin, and iron would not

exceed a cost of thirty cents per person per year. In view of the cost to Canadian families of vitamin supplements purchased on the advice of physicians, it is criminal on the part of the Canadian government not to insist on the sale of enriched flour.

It is interesting to note that the Deputy Minister of Health, Dr. G. D. W. Cameron, recently announced that two officials of his department had gone to New York to get first-hand information on the latest American survey on this subject. It seems evident that Dr. McHenry's "Let them eat cake" theory of nutrition has not the unqualified endorsement of the government.

Boring From Just Outside

The recent dismissal of announcer Joel Aldred from the Toronto staff of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, because of certain criticisms of the CBC which he made in an article in *The Montreal Standard*, raises a good many questions. The essential one, to our minds, is this: Is it fair to bite the hand that feeds you? Is any employee justified in publicly criticizing the organization from which he is accepting a salary?

The CBC maintains (and most business men and private companies agree, though we do not ordinarily hear of their dismissals for this cause) that such public criticism is not justified and that it will not condone it. Accordingly, since Mr. Aldred would not resign, it fired him forthwith, giving him (though Mr. Aldred did not mention this in his statements to the press) a month's pay in lieu of notice as well as pay for whatever leave he had accumulated. In this summary dismissal, if you believe in the principle set down above, the CBC was well within its rights. The so-called "oath of secrecy" out of which Mr. Drew has tried to make political capital, had apparently very little to do with the case.

Both sides seem to have been guilty of a little evasion in the resulting press controversy: the CBC in stating that Aldred's complaints about the system of pay deductions for commercial work should have gone up to management through the proper channels and that they did not do so. The fact seems to be that the "proper channels" have been cluttered for some considerable time with his protests and complaints. But Aldred's evasions and distortions of emphasis seem to have been both more considerable and more considered, so that one wonders if he was not playing politics from the very beginning or even before. If not, he is certainly a fast man with a political opportunity. Honest criticism, which we think he might have made and should have been allowed to make, is certainly not the same thing as criticism whose intent is to embarrass his employer and to assist a political party whose avowed purpose is to wreck that employer completely. There is some doubt in our minds that the system of pay deduction of which Mr. Aldred complained is completely fair, in that it does penalize those announcers and producers whom commercial sponsors find desirable; there is no doubt, however, that Mr. Aldred knew the system and accepted its terms when he accepted employment with the CBC.

At the same time, it is hard to understand why CBC management is so set upon secrecy with respect to its internal problems. The CBC is, more than any other crown corporation, the public's; surely a more tolerant and democratic attitude would have been to accept Mr. Aldred's observations in *The Standard* merely as a minority report to the stockholders, offered by one who was in a good position to observe.

If CBC management realized all the implications of Mr. Aldred's dismissal, if it knew that this action would be seized

upon by the anti-CBC press (as it was), then it might be said that this action lacked political astuteness. But also, if the Corporations officers, cognizant of all these implications, resolved to fire Aldred in spite of them, then they must be complimented. Not only were they displaying rare devotion to their duty (which is after all the operation of a radio system and to hell with politics), but also they were exhibiting courage of an unusually high, though perhaps foolhardy, order.

Germany Revisited

John Envers

► I AM BEGINNING this account by mentioning the many men who have not returned from the war they had lost. I mention them because they weigh most heavily on the mind of the citizens I talked to in the French, British, and American Zones. Peace to the Germans cannot be real until every prisoner has been released—and it is no good saying that only an armistice is, after all, in being. The occupying powers are doing their best and probably in good faith to change the heart of the population, to make them forget the war and seek repentance for provoking the recent conflict—but, say the people, not until the men are back home.

The Western Powers have gained much sympathy by releasing their last prisoners before the end of 1948 as had been promised. Much of the bitterness felt by the men whilst actually detained has disappeared, largely because of the miserable sight of repatriated personnel from the East, who in rags slouch about the streets, occasionally encouraged by a friendly nod, a meal, or a cigarette. One cannot imagine how bewildered and lost such returning veterans face the everyday life of their towns and cities—if they are fortunate enough to be able to return to them at all, that is—and if these towns and cities have not been handed to the Eastern victors.

These incredibly weary figures belong to the scene. Although most Germans feel rather ashamed of sometimes forgetting that there are many more to come—and that there are even more who will never return, the ordinary citizen's stomach turns with hatred for the "East" when he does see them. He then realizes his impotence in relation to the fate that rules him and his country; he has come to regard himself as a pawn in the hands of the two main power-blocks—something to bargain with. And in his despair—if he has sufficient cash in his pocket—he goes and buys himself a bottle of schnapps or champagne or three pieces of cream-cake.

While gobbling as much as he can afford—and it is by no means the majority of the people who can—he may well reflect on political events. Money is in power again, money buys practically everything. Money builds, money creates, money rules. If you want a meal, order one. If you do not happen to have the required ration-card—just pay the extra "Deutsche Mark" (German Mark—DM) about thirty cents. The waiter will serve you a meal to your choice, well prepared, neatly dished up, and moderately priced. The most expensive item is poultry. It is difficult for the visitor to get used to the nomination DM, but after the deflation of the Reichsmark during the currency reform of June last DM spelt recovery, backed by U.S. gold. A man who works can actually purchase goods again and work has once more become a means to an end; the black market is curbed—although coffee deals are still in vogue—; the shops are full and Western Germany has assumed the looks of "just another European country." Towns begin to regain their

attractive appearance. Although ruins still dominate the German picture, a healthier and cleaner scene is beginning to emerge. People can afford to dress comparatively well and have at long last discarded their rags. That is the impression one gains in the street. Inside the houses not all is as it should be, although hardly anyone goes hungry now. Furniture is to be had—but "Lebensraum" is scarce. If the German people will—perhaps—one day forget the loss of the Eastern Provinces to the victors, it will never forgive the Eastern Powers' present to the prostrate fatherland: the millions of evicted fellow-countrymen and the displaced persons of Allied nationality who are still very much in evidence in overcrowded Germany. The latter are there neither to their own satisfaction, nor that of their hosts and cause many problems to Allied and German authorities; the Allies have so far failed to master it.

There is hardly a family with sufficient space to live comfortably; relations, refugees, in-laws, they all crowd together, reminding each other constantly that lack of living space leads to national as well as family quarrels.

In 1946 I had the idea that some people were looking forward to a coming East-West war. "We lost everything, now it is their turn," they may have thought. "We cannot lose any more!" I think that the grim consequences of the last disaster have sunk in. Fear of war permeates the air, especially since the beginning of the Berlin Blockade—toward the relief of which each letter, postcard, and parcel has to bear a 2 Pfennig "Notopfermarke"—a stamp of sacrifice. Compassion with the Berliners is limited to their relatives; the inhabitants of the Capital were never really popular among the Germans. But the necessity of their making "a stand" is generally approved. But, in spite of this fear of war, irresponsible Germans laugh at the Allies for their policy of opposition and disunity. "Goebbels was right, you see?" And they also laugh at the recent British policy toward Palestine, just as they thought the "Exodus" incident extremely funny: "We were accused of antisemitism, look what they are doing." And there is little the occupational authorities can answer.

Travelling has become a near-pleasure once more. "Near," because there are only wooden seats and only third class compartments on most of the trains. Trains are less crowded since money regained its value; to pass along the Neckarvalley is just as much of an experience for its sheer beauty as it was before the war. And, after all, an attendant does serve you wine, tobacco, cigarettes, and food in your carriage.

Most hit by the currency-reform were the students, whose means suddenly dispersed. Many resorted to taking various jobs—street-car conducting, ushering in theatres, laboring and so forth. The standard of lectures at the old places of learning is high; only the feeling of national frustration and impotence often shows up clearly among students and professors. There is a large group of pacifists among the students, who speak in terms of "conscientious objection"—others have become right-wing nationalists, talking in terms of cultural and lasting German values, which must be defended and recreated. The left-wing group enjoys much of the literature that was banned under the Hitler regime, and many of their exponents have returned to take their rightful place in the realms of press, radio, theatre, cinema, art, and literature. The preference shown towards their works soon after the defeat has disappeared; they have become a normal part of intellectual life.

As right-wing propaganda and reaction flourishes among a percentage of the population and as party rift deepens, those condemned by the courts earlier feel they have a right to a comeback, since of late courts have relaxed much of their strictness. Now they are coming to a stop altogether—

it is the kicking of a dying animal that still perturbs. These courts were built up on a system of mutual denunciations; and, as is typical in Germany, the Allies were blamed for permitting it. Thus Germans judged Germans, and blamed the Allies.

Cultural life flourishes. Theatres are full and performances adequate if not outstanding. There is much good music and painting. Quality of works on art and book production in general is excellent, although German literature of today expresses chiefly self-pity and doubts. The restrictions on foreign travel are also bitterly commented on by those who would like to visit friends or to make their escape from the ubiquitous ruins.

Export is going well, too well for the Allies, as is often feared. Merchants are frequently accused of hoarding foreign currency abroad, instead of bringing it back to Germany. Outside criticism is strongly objected to, especially if coming from emigrants. Pre-war emigrants are viewed with envy and some hatred for escaping the lot of the Germans. The self-pity which is expressed in stage and screen works can be felt everywhere, although it is not comparable to that exhibited in 1946. Film production is often crowned with singular success; tactfully and intelligently directed pictures make their appearance on the world market and are acclaimed as masterpieces of great political maturity.

One thorn, however, has been removed from part of Germany: in the British Zone, at least, there is very little one can see of the Army of Occupation. In cities far removed from the British-Russian Zonal border, such as in Dusseldorf, one can spend days without encountering a single British soldier. Only unit signs and vehicles with military numberplates remind the observer of the fact that the country is under military rule. This fact is greatly appreciated by the inhabitants; on the other hand there is much guessing and worrying as to what will happen when the Russians "decide to march in" one day and there is no force to hold them back. So, if we keep troops, we are accused of being harsh; if we do not, we are accused of sacrificing Germany.

To sum up: the sycophants and cigarette hunters of the immediate post-war years have gone. Hunting is now for opinions and approval. "We are not alone in our guilt—everyone is at fault; look at your own power-politics today!" This argument is frequently voiced. People are more confident, yet afraid; agreeable, yet accusing; tolerant, yet aggressive—it is difficult to put one's faith in their opinions. Only the young seem to say what they believe to be true, and not act the diplomat.

Mark Twain once spoke of "Germany, the diseased world's bathhouse." He was right. In Germany and through the Germans a diseased world bathed in blood. And now the victors take their dirty washing to the bathhouse . . .

Germany, vindictive as she may be, is still looking for a lead from without. Who is to furnish it? For the ruins are neither acceptable—not accepted.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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SAMPLE COPIES

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The American Balkans

Tom Irving

► THE POSTWAR SLUMP is gradually taking form in Central America, and this is appearing in increasing political unrest and business uncertainty. Although children now dare rollerskate in the Central Park of Guatemala, as they dared not under dour General Ubico, the government faces serious problems inside the National Palace overlooking the square.

Last March and April, Costa Rica suffered an unprecedented civil war, and recently the little country has been invaded from Nicaragua. Panama, Nicaragua, and Honduras have also held presidential elections in the past year, and these have pleased few electors. El Salvador has had her president removed through a military coup, and Guatemala witnessed a conservative insurrection aided from Honduras at the end of November.

The washtub is simmering on all five burners, and it will come to a full rolling boil at any moment, especially if the economic situation becomes uncontrollable. Events thus came to a head close at hand in Bogotá and Caracas; and business conditions have worsened considerably in Mexico since the fall of the peso. In fact, a general Central American war is lurking not too far in the background.

This complex situation is exemplified by an incident which occurred at the beginning of last July: the capture of Mr. Edelberto Torres by the Nicaraguan police in Managua airport, while he was en route from Guatemala to Costa Rica.

Mr. Torres was at one time minister of education for Nicaragua; but he has since taken to the life of exile which falls to the lot of most Central Americans who indulge in politics. Latterly he was living in Guatemala City under the protection of President Arévalo, who is openly in favor of reconstructing the old Central American confederacy and helps exiles with the same objective.

A year ago when Col. Figueres rose against Picado, the retiring president of Costa Rica, he sought aid abroad. Part of this he received from the New Dealish Guatemalan government, and arms were flown him in official planes. Since Somoza, now retired from the presidency of Nicaragua but still in effective control through his post as minister of war, supported Picado, Figueres found further backing among exiled Nicaraguans. Mr. Torres played an important part in these negotiations, and his daughter Myrna went with her father to San José and stayed on there after the insurgent forces had won. With victory a reality, the arms lent lay ready for lend-lease elsewhere.

The second Friday of July, Mr. Torres decided to pick up Myrna in San José. He boarded a Pan-American Airways plane which was not scheduled to land in his native country, but after leaving Tegucigalpa, it was announced that they would refuel in Managua. Mr. Torres protested, and asked permission to stay on board, which was granted him; but to no avail. The Nicaraguan national guard removed him forcibly from the aircraft.

Within twenty-four hours, the Costa Rican and Guatemalan governments were informed of the situation. Judging by their alacrity in meeting it, one might better say they were alarmed. It would be interesting to discover just what documents Mr. Torres was carrying at the time of his arrest; the Nicaraguan government claims they were such as sanction its connivance in the Costa Rican invasion.

Pan-American Airways was likewise informed of the situation: although the company was told by the Guate-

malan police that the pilot of the plane should report to them for questioning, the latter was suddenly transferred to one of Pan-American's European runs.

Thus early Saturday morning, wheels were set in motion in Guatemala City so that various cultural organizations sent a series of urgent telegrams to Managua pleading for the life and liberty of the "eminent Central American educator." Demonstrations were organized against Pan-American Airways, to the unconcealed embarrassment of the United States embassy in Guatemala. I personally witnessed several of these manoeuvres within the University of San Carlos where Mr. Torres had worked, and can state that the action was little short of hysterical on all sides, and its motives political rather than cultural.

At the present time, it would be a euphemism to say that the relations between the five countries of Central America are tense. Mr. Torres is still held in the airport jail at Managua, and his arrest has given his country a pretext for attacking an otherwise peaceful country. There is more than a possible connection between this and the similar interference which Honduras attempted against Guatemala last November. This uprising is supposed to have occurred in an attempt to hunt down the Caribbean Legion with the assistance of Trujillo of Santo Domingo and other unnamed parties who purchased the expedition's machine guns in the United States and transported them to Puerto Barrios.

At the present moment, Central America is fairly calm, for the rainy season has started, and that prevents border incidents. Thus any events will take place in the capitals, and will be guided by the fact that this is the preelection year in Guatemala, and United Fruit is anxious to get rid of a government which considers that foreign companies should submit their labor disputes to the jurisdiction of local courts. Real trouble will probably come next November, and if a decision cannot be bought by money before then, recourse may even be had to arms. Central America is still a long way from settling matters by the ballot box.

The tendency of Central American governments has always been toward autocracy, a form of government that can be more easily handled than a deliberative congress by outside interests, whether these are foreign states or corporations. These countries are also largely dependent upon one or two cash crops, which leaves internal economies subject to rapid changes in world markets; and with illiteracy still an unsolved problem, the people will be a long time before they can vote intelligently. Indeed, until international law prevails over political, military, and business intrigue, Central America will remain the Balkans of America.

Red Cross vs. Community Chest *Svanhuit Josie*

► LOCAL BRANCHES of the Ontario Red Cross are said to be up in arms about the decision of the provincial executive forbidding the chapters to participate in local community fund drives. The explanation offered by the executive is that the step "corresponds with national and international Red Cross policy." In many Ontario communities participation in joint fund-raising has been working out satisfactorily for years, and some of the local boards are beginning to question whether these policies laid down from above should take precedence over what seems to them the best interest of the local community.

Off and on there have been isolated protests from various communities about not being consulted before they are given quotas arbitrarily fixed by the national Red Cross as the sums they are expected to raise in the annual drive for funds. Now the announcement by the Red Cross of its intention to provide a national free blood transfusion service has brought a flood of protests from various responsible groups including the Toronto Hospital Council, the Ontario Association of Pathologists, the Toronto Academy of Medicine, and, last but not least, the Canadian Medical Association. The main complaint made by these bodies seems to be that although their members have been dealing with the problem for years in many parts of the country they were not consulted about the setting up of this service. Yet they are apparently expected to continue to provide equipment and personnel to handle and administer the blood collected by the Red Cross, which is to get the "credit."

Since the Red Cross depends on the public for its financial and other support it should be in the public interest to discuss some of the factors involved in this widespread dissatisfaction with its policies. Before the development of community chests many voluntary agencies operated with little regard for overlapping programs, campaigns, and services while great gaps of unfulfilled community needs were left untouched. The public was tired of the innumerable campaigns for worthy causes, and was in no position to decide their relative merits. The result was the rise of the Community Chest movement which has been gaining ground in Canada for more than a quarter of a century. Joint fundraising has increased efficiency and economy, and at the same time has provided better services for those who need them. That, after all, should be the first aim of welfare organizations.

Now there are 48 community chests operating from Halifax to Victoria. In 1947, a year in which the Red Cross appeal brought over 6½ million dollars, the \$8,709,036 raised by the chests provided for the 1948 needs of 681 agencies across Canada. The central committee of community chests and councils in Canada is the Community Chests and Councils Division of the Canadian Welfare Council. The chairman of the division, Mr. S. M. Philpott, has expressed the disappointment of the community groups at the recent action of the Ontario Red Cross in withdrawing from the chests.

Democratic co-operation between Canadian welfare agencies has been achieved through various groups sacrificing their individual publicity-giving schemes for the good of the whole community. Gradually our private welfare agencies have come to see the value of pooling their resources in the public interest. There are a few notable exceptions.

In many centres the Red Cross has always insisted on conducting a separate campaign for funds. This un-cooperative attitude was gradually being broken down by broad-minded local chapters whose boards saw the wisdom of integrating the organization into the community pattern. Often the same public-minded citizens are members of both the Community Chest board and the board of the Red Cross. In that way they come to see the folly of agencies with similar aims working against each other. It is not necessary to point out that an organization with firm roots in the community in which it is operating is on a much sounder basis than one with a policy dictated from above.

The proposed blood-donor service is of particular interest to the public who are to provide the blood as well as to bear a considerable part of the cost through taxation. The Ontario government has already agreed to grant \$100,000 toward its establishment and an additional \$10,000 each year for maintenance of the service. The society has announced that it is endeavoring to make agreements with other provinces.

The method of setting up the blood-donor service in Canada brings to mind a wartime incident described by Mrs. Eugene Meyer, a leading authority on social-welfare matters in the United States. Those who are not familiar with Mrs. Meyer's career may be interested to know that she was a member of the committee that founded maternity centres in New York City in 1912. She is a well-known newspaper-woman, the author of many books, a member of the Library of Congress Trust Board, a trustee of Barnard College, and for many years an active worker in the Republican party.

Mrs. Meyer reports that the Red Cross marched into the largest parish house in one community, tossed an old established religious and social program out of the window and told the clergyman calmly: "We'll use this room for the blood bank, that one for home service, this for bandage rolling, etc." When the clergyman was asked why he didn't toss the Red Cross out of the window, he looked aghast and stuttered: "Why, I wouldn't dare. Nobody can oppose the Red Cross."

In view of the difficulty over the proposed blood-donor service in Canada it is particularly interesting that the Detroit Red Cross has been operating such a service successfully for many years and has managed to keep the goodwill of the technical people in the field. The secret is that it does not seek to have a monopoly on the service. Instead it recognizes that professional people should conduct the technical work of the blood bank while the Red Cross confines itself to the no less important task of publicizing the program. Mr. W. J. Norton, president of the board in Detroit, says: "The Red Cross should be promoters, salesmen, and publicists to get social programs going, to spur public officials into speedier action on a local level, then leave the program that emerges to trained technical leadership."

The Red Cross appears to have no machinery which allows rank and file members to reject policies laid down by the leaders and support those which seem to be more in harmony with the public welfare. Policy seems to be laid down from above through uniform standard-setting and speedy assistance, whether financial, advisory or otherwise. It is said that chapters often do not know what other chapters are doing or thinking. Time and again intelligent members of the Red Cross, especially the younger ones, have asked Mrs. Meyer in community conferences: "But what can we do, Mrs. Meyer, to make our Red Cross leaders see their mistakes? They slap us down if we criticize and tell us firmly that we are not 'good Red Crossers'."

Sometimes the mania for "credit" appears to override every other motive. During the war the American Red Cross frustrated the efforts of the Army Emergency Relief to help their own families and insisted that they alone should have a monopoly on administering home relief to the armed forces. One of the leaders of the Red Cross defended their position as necessary because "if any other agency were known to be serving the needs of our soldiers, it would weaken the logic and appeal of (our) separate drive for funds."

Mrs. Meyer told a regional conference of the American Red Cross in 1945 that "bureaucratic power rather than service to mankind are the prime objectives of your reactionary element." This, she felt, was the crux of the difficulty with the public. She believes that the country will never get "whole-hearted co-operation from the Red Cross, in peace or war, until its separate, expensive, drum-beating financial campaign has been eliminated. . . . This supreme symbol of isolation, the separate financial campaign, should be sacrificed to the common good."

In Canada, as elsewhere, the difficulties in the relationship of the Red Cross with other agencies and with the public arise from this overwhelming desire to get "credit" which is felt to be so necessary for purposes of the financial campaign.

Surely an agency which has service as its first objective will not need to worry about recognition or credit. It has been proved time and again that public support for worthwhile causes is generous and spontaneous.

A Lovelier You—or Else!

Helen Claire Howes

► DO YOU CONSIDER perfume as essential to your poise as lipstick? Do you carry it in your purse? Or do you use it only on dress occasions, best dates, anniversaries, and the like? If the latter, then you are about to be educated by the perfume industry in an advertising (pardon me, promotion) campaign designed to persuade the buying public that perfume is a "must" for every day.

Over a period of years, the perfume companies have played up the rarity and preciousness of perfume by the use of extensive advertising, and by maintaining sales promotion lecturers. Specialists visit the retail stores and hold the sales girls spellbound by their tales of the cost and danger at which the rare ingredients of their perfume have been procured. One of the highlights of such a lecture is the story of civet, obtained in the dark interior of Ethiopia, and so precious that the French government constructed a railway from Addis Ababa to the northern coast of Africa so that this animal's musk might be available to the perfumers of the world.

So great was the success of this promotional device that perfume represents to most people something priceless and exclusive. Men present it only to very intimate friends on very special occasions. Women look upon it as something so precious that they use it with great discretion and very sparingly. The result of this prevalent misconception regarding perfume is that not enough scented products are being sold. In other words, the salesmen were too successful; the idea that perfume is the essence of preciousness backfired. The theme was worked so hard that people accepted it and acted accordingly. Consequently, the perfume companies were worried. They therefore appointed a Committee on the Use and Marketing of Perfume Products. It included representatives of many illustrious firms. At the company's request, a three-months' survey was conducted in door-to-door interviews by the Psychological Corporation, a poll-taking organization, whose findings are probably as accurate as any. They were asked to determine the predominant impulses in the minds of American women that make them favor the use of a fragrance.

A meeting was held at the Waldorf-Astoria to discuss the preliminary findings of the pollsters, and to search for the flaws in the teaching methods, which up to now have seemed so sound. The figures reveal a sad state of affairs. Eighteen per cent of the women questioned never look at the perfume ads at all. Forty-four per cent look at such ads only occasionally. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." As for selling perfume, the languishing lovelies are a complete loss. The cherubim bearing heavenward crystal flagons of the divine essence go unnoticed. The kodachrome photography—all wasted. The toil and sweat of coining trade names*—all for naught. Few seem to care whether they smell like "Blue-eyed Grass," "Morning in Madrid," or "Eau de Fou-Fou." It matters little to magazine readers that they can be "Unanimous," "Self-Evident," or expose their friends to "Urge," "Deep Analysis," "Libido," or a dozen other similar experiences. Think of it, all that razzle-dazzle in full-page ads

on glossy paper in the nation's slickest slicks, and seldom noticed by nearly half of America's women folk!

Worse still, very few women could recall for the poll-taker an example of either a good ad or a bad one. They were very vague about the whole thing. According to one account of this survey, both men and women, when asked their impressions of perfume ads, used such words as "sophisticated, alluring, exaggerated"—adjectives which the Committee considered in deplorable taste, and revealing a lack of any critical faculty. One complaint of the women questioned was that the ads never mention prices. This was a hard one for the Committee to deal with. If prices were given, it would create the impression that perfume is a costly item, to be used only on special occasions. (People get the craziest ideas! Whatever would make them think that?). Since that is just what too many women think now, the Industry doesn't want to strengthen that notion. To get around this, and still satisfy the ladies, the Committee suggests that the price of perfume "per day" might be given in the ads. By presenting the price in such a way, it would appear that daily use is not an extravagant luxury, but a necessity like—well, soap for instance. They might put the whole idea across with a slogan like "Smell like a flower, hour after hour." Or, "Apply perfume before leaving your room." They might advise the reader, "Abandon, for one cent a day!" . . . "Complete Abandon, for two cents!"

There was one finding the Committee could rejoice over. About 88 per cent of all women interviewed said that they owned perfume, or cologne, or both. This percentage, according to the Committee, is almost as high as the percentage of women who possess "articles of highest necessity." Toothbrush and comb, for instance? Anyway, that was what the man said. The fact that perfume sales have gone up 150 per cent since 1939 was offset by the consumer inventories, which revealed that each family contacted possessed only slightly more than two bottles of perfume, cologne, or toilet water. Two figures from the survey could do with a little elaborating, even a little psychological study: 20 per cent of the women disliked perfume they had bought; 18 per cent disliked perfume they had been given. The first figure could be interpreted in many ways. Perhaps women don't buy perfume often enough; feel guilty over buying it (since it is such a luxury); don't take time to select it; become self-conscious before the little sophisticates who sell it, and in general get completely befuddled as the waves of enchanting scents wash over them. In desperation they choose one, and immediately hate it because it represents another defeated effort to become a *femme fatale*. This is only speculation, of course, and doubtless the author's own experience. The Committee's interpretation of this conduct is that the clerks should be given special training to sell a product so intangible.

The report doesn't say what the 18 per cent indicates, but it recalls a tongue-twisting limerick which runs:

The bottle of perfume that Willy sent
Was highly displeasing to Millicent;
Her thanks were so cold
They quarrelled, so I'm told
Through that silly scent Willy sent Millicent

Beside perfume's preciousness, the other basic promotional theme of the industry has been perfume's sex-appeal. Run over in your mind the names of some of the more widely advertised brands. In some cases, women like the fragrance, but the name is so obnoxious that they refuse to use it; other women turn the label to the wall. At the recent Committee meeting, the sex theme was also taken out, shaken, dusted, and examined thoroughly. Flaws were indeed discovered. Could this theme also have been overworked? Had the advertising agencies done so thorough a job that women are

*Any similarity to existing trade names is completely accidental.

timid about wearing perfume for fear they may be suspected of embarking on a man-hunt? Is perfume considered too obvious a declaration of purpose? Since the public has been taught to look upon perfume as the strongest appeal to man's baser instincts, will this type of ad not inhibit rather than encourage the sensitive woman?

The consensus apparently was that while sex will retain its underlying potency, and will still bolster up the advertising of some companies, the appeal will be less obvious in the future—much more subtle. The more blatant ads will give way to the appeal of the appropriate perfume for certain apparel, different seasons, newest fashions, time of day, type of function, and the personal satisfaction that can be derived from the daily use of fragrance. The forthcoming campaign will also educate women on the difference between cologne and toilet water, and perfume, and will teach the "proper use and enjoyment of perfumes to create the fragrant aura essential to femininity!" It will emphasize the necessity of re-applying a perfume at intervals during the day, just as make-up is applied. (The census reveals that many women believe that perfume lasts much longer than it does. But do some women realize just how far behind them perfume extends? It is not necessary to blaze a trail, or to "rock the room.")

The campaign is also designed to combat the failure of women to carry perfume in the purse. The survey shows that 66 per cent never do. If it is cost that prevents its wider use, it is well to remember that perfumes cost only what the traffic will bear. However, there are plenty of delightful fragrances within the range of very moderate incomes. This is particularly true of the toilet water and colognes, which have the added advantage of lasting longer since they do not evaporate as good perfumes do. As for sex appeal, perfume surely doesn't rank first in this category! According to the poets down the ages, ruby lips, pearly teeth, light brown hair—these and other natural physical attributes provide the greatest appeal to the opposite sex.

So, if you consider perfume behind the ears extravagant for everyday use, or worry about the effect of your cologne upon the boys at the office, better rid yourself of these inhibitions as you cast aside that knee-length skirt of two years ago. The Chairman of the Committee warns that the findings discussed were only preliminary, and that they intend to do a long-range study to determine the underlying reasons why women use, or fail to use, perfume and other scented products. So let this be a warning to you; you're going to be a lovelier you, or else!

Sub-Arctic Seasoning

John Nicol

V

► THE HALF-TRACK, half-ski snowmobile on the station for winter transportation is proving an uncertain threat to native methods of moving from point to point seated on a wooden ladder drawn by dogs. An engine designed to operate in milder temperatures is bound to suffer bouts of whimsy when left standing long at -50°; resulting exercises with the hand-crank are no pastime either for choleric dispositions. The small boys of the native camp raced behind in admiration when we arrived, but prestige suffered more than slightly after a night devoted to dismantling and drying component parts by the light of flares. Only the imminent ignominy of hitching dogs to the temperamental vehicle seemed to turn the trick and shame it into starting of itself. At departure, the same small boys smiling stayed aligned behind their fathers; no doubt it is a tribute to native politeness that they refrained from shouting what they thought—the gallery in another day and place would have hooted gleefully "Getta horse!"

In winter the Eskimos so obviously come into their own: they are then "Innuit," the only men. Shod in sealskin, clad in cariboo hide, masked against the freezing wind, they find food and shelter and fox-pelts for barter in an iron-bound land. They travel behind mangy, beaten, half-hungry dogs, that run like rabbits and pull like ponies; they build a snow-house in an hour; they live at ease with themselves and each other. If Canada is to develop this Eastern Arctic to which she has laid claim, the Eskimos have something to contribute: we might begin soon to prepare for it. This preparation ranges from greater attention to Eskimo health and education on one hand, to less of our self-satisfied intrusion upon their native spiritual beliefs on the other.

On New Year's Day, our normal weekly trickle of guests in quest of coffee and agreeable (if unintelligible) conversation was increased to several dozen, including women and not counting children. They arrived with shining faces and carefully rehearsed greetings—there was much chatter and a ripe smell of sealskin in the crowded house. The event, though, was a dog-race. Teams were carefully evened out at five apiece, surplus dog-power removed and tied securely out of the way. Sleigh-runners were newly iced in the handiest manner—since I am charged with vulgarity in a previous report, I decline to be more specific about this process. The contestants jockeyed for position at the start-line, tightened traces, shifted loads, broke up dog-fights, lit cigarettes, and were off on signal in a burst of excitement. The dogs left behind as spare parts lashed themselves to frenzy; two of them uprooted the barrel to which they were tied and bowled furiously away in clattering pursuit; six others anchored to an unused privy shook that edifice to its brick foundation, but unfortunately it held fast. Other dogs howled forlornly, children chattered, the women muttered smiles among themselves, the hosts edged slightly toward the house in search of warmth.

The teams poured across the snow and rock, passed scattered fuel dumps, then around the building which marked the turn a half-mile away: they were marked again as they headed home—puffs of vapor moving along above each laboring team. Back they streamed, three sleighs short, two riderless, to a resounding finish. But the high point of excitement had lain at the turnaround mark: there three teams had arrived nearly together, three sets of dogs had scrambled to go round "inside," three sleighs had swirled to a stop as they merged and tangled in a yapping snarl of traces and

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provoked drivers. The dogs were beaten to quietness, then sorted out by the primitive process of dealing them bodily over-and-under each other; but the race was finished. The grinning winner got a bag of flour for his exertions, the sleigh-less drivers who had "taken the chop" on the first bounce got help in running down their dogs, all got cigarettes, all were filled to bursting with bowls of coffee and prodigious quantities of biscuits lathered in jam. The dogs curled up like hassocks and went to sleep in the snow.

But we do have our own little victories—that balance out misadventures with the snowmobile or shave-down Eskimo superiority in this rugged country; even if it is necessary to stack the cards and deal an ace from the cuff to prove the point. Somehow, somewhere, several of the local lights learned to drive a truck; presumably the U.S. servicemen scattered through the north in wartime had to do something for amusement. So, at ice-cutting time, one of the crew of native sawyers fidgeted to display his skill once more. Others jammed into the cab beside him to share the honors and off they went in a series of convulsive spasms: but within a hundred feet the vehicle began to smoke, stopped, and erupted excited Eskimos like peas split from the pod. So many more seemed to leap out than had been observed to crowd in, it resembled a scene from the Keystone Kops of early cinema days. The "experts" yawned ostensibly, then ambled forward to release the emergency hand-brake; the driver looked slightly sheepish, while we took the credit due us. Let him win all the dog-races he wants now.

O CANADA

Dealing with unemployment . . . the Prime Minister said: "What we mean by full employment is a level of employment over the country as a whole which makes it reasonably possible for most men and women to get work most of the time without too much difficulty."

(Vancouver Sun).

Board Approves Sex in Very Modified Form.

(Headline, Globe and Mail).

The British Columbia election will come before the Canadian general election, which will give its coalition government a good chance to ward off the socialist threat. As long as Liberals and Conservatives stick together, the government is secure.

(Calgary Albertan).

In police court Tuesday Polischuk told Magistrate Millar: He (Ennis) called me Mackenzie King so I hit him." "The complainant might be flattering you," the magistrate said, fining him \$10 and costs.

(Edmonton Journal).

"I believe the health of a nation to be a nation's wealth," he [Hon. Paul Martin] said. "Nothing grips my heart more than to find a man or woman unable to get adequate medical care because the means are lacking. As a result of that, I introduced a national health program which is the most comprehensive ever produced by a federal state in the world."

(Toronto Star).

This month's prize of a six month's subscription goes to D. P. Morrison, Lethbridge, Alberta. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► THE RECENT SERIES of Gilbert and Sullivan light operas, on which the *soi-disant* CBC Light Opera Company has just embarked, seems to me neither to reflect much credit on the Corporation's Program Department nor to offer much in the way of helpful experience to those singers who hope for careers in musical comedy or operetta. Perhaps I should make clear that I am an ardent Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast; it is this very liking for the operas which makes me dissatisfied

with what the CBC has done with them—not once, but twice, for this year's effort will apparently be merely a repeat of last summer's series.

True, the operas are passably, sometimes excellently—though often a shade anemically—sung and conducted, but that is just about all one can say for them. In its effort to compress works which normally run a shade over two hours into a one-hour period, the production staff has had to cut, and ruthlessly. In *Iolanthe*, for example, all the dialogue and several of the better songs had been expunged; what we heard was the remaining songs strung together without a thread of continuity or explanation, save only a brief synopsis preceding each act. Better results, from the listener's viewpoint, could have been obtained by playing the excellent D'Oyly Carte recordings of the work.

And to what purpose is the dialogue eliminated? True, some cutting is perhaps a good thing, since the extremely topical material is dated, but Gilbert was a wit in his own right, with a profound knowledge of the humorous situation. The Lord Chancellor's speech which ends (to give but one example from the thousands available): "Ah, my Lords, it is indeed painful to have to sit upon a woolsack which is stuffed with such thorns as these," is still as good for a laugh or a quiet chuckle as when it was first heard at the Savoy in 1882, and better than much of the material for which radio gag writers are paid fabulous sums today. To have to cope with the demands of these tricky, fast-paced works, music and words, would be of inestimable value to our radio singers; they might come through such a course of the Savoy operas and find, at the end, that they were singing actors and actresses, instead of merely singers. The assignment would be a tough one for the producers, but a good drama producer working with a good music producer would not find it insuperable, and the increase in listening pleasure would make the effort worth while.

Gilbert and Sullivan were outstandingly successful, not only because they were a good librettist and a good composer, but because they complemented each other so ideally. In divorcing them the CBC has done us all, performers as well as listeners, an extreme disservice.

* * *

A program well worth catching, if you have a taste for ghost and horror stories extremely well done, is Doug Haskins' "The Place Beyond" heard Sunday nights at 11.15 on CJBC. This admirable fifteen-minute *Grand Guignol* has been on, locally, for two or three months now, but has never achieved network status. It seems to me that it should. It also seems that its budget should be increased, thus augmenting the CBC's contribution to Canadian creative writing and at the same time relieving Mr. Haskins from the arduous labor of ploughing through old books in search of suitably terrifying stories which are in the public domain and thus may be broadcast "for free." I have heard most of the stories in this series, and only once has Mr. Haskins done less than an admirable job.

Another program in somewhat similar mood is the American import (from ABC) called "Quiet, Please!" heard Mondays at 7.30, also on CJBC and also not on either network. "Quiet, Please!" packs about as much emotional wallop and entertainment value into its half-hour as any dramatic offering currently available; its moody, atmospheric, sometimes fantastic stories are superbly presented. Its audience should be extended, but so far the Corporation finds it suitable only for local listening.

The point I make is that these are small shows and relatively uncostly. Mr. Haskins' cast is himself—he is abetted by a producer, a sound-effects man, and an engineer;

"Quiet, Please!" uses a writer-director, one principal actor and not more than two or three supporting characters. And yet "The Place Beyond" is many times as rewarding as, for example, "Keep in Touch," which probably costs fifteen times as much to produce. (Incidentally, the May 10th episode of "Keep in Touch" was much the best yet.) "Quiet, Please!" is better entertainment than many costly, fully mounted productions.

Pressed for money as the CBC is, it seems that its program planners should give prolonged and serious thought to this fact: that two or three good people—or even one—can make as much entertainment as, sometimes more than, a huge elaborate show, expensively compounded of big cast and full orchestra. It is too easy to fall into the current American belief that "the bigger the better," and that a big show is, *ipso facto*, a good show. To garble another American quote, "this ain't necessarily so," and the sooner the CBC realizes it the better. Time and patience and experiment would be required—and how short the CBC has always been on experiment!—but these and several other unpretentious programs have shown that good radio fare depends much more on quality than on quantity.

Brain Child

Edmund Fancott

SHORT STORY

AUTHOR'S NOTE

In the story of the development of the medical use of hormones, the efforts of the manufacturing companies to obtain the raw materials were not without their problems and humorous episodes. The fiction story which follows is based on the first experiences of a Canadian company in collecting the raw material for the manufacture of estrogen, first experiences which led eventually to the development of what must be Canada's oddest export business of raw materials valued at over one million dollars a year.

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► THE QUEBEC VILLAGE of Ste. Lucie de Bellerive lay under the midsummer moon, a string of soft-shadowed frame houses dominated by the silvered roof and spire of a large church. To each side of its ribbon of road the long neat strips of French-Canadian farms reached to the edges of the forest which blanketed the surrounding hills. It was a scene in which everything was at rest and at peace except the ten boys who sat awake in the stables of Oliva Ledoux. Nine of the little boys, although awake, were at peace with themselves and the world; only one, Gaston Euclide Bédard, was stirred by a vague restlessness that would not let him be.

It was enough for the other nine boys that Oliva Ledoux, honest man and shrewd farmer, paid them twenty-five cents to sit up all night, each in the stall of a pregnant mare, to wait patiently for the sudden stiffening of the haunches, the outspread hind legs, then to leap up and catch in a bucket the pungent fountain. To nine of the boys the payment of twenty-five cents a night was explanation enough, but the tenth boy, Gaston Bédard, squatted on his heels and muttered to himself: "By Gar, she's crazy!"

Gaston had grown up in a world in which everything was ordered according to an age-old plan. There was spring, summer, fall, and winter; there was sowing and reaping in the open seasons and, when frost locked the earth, there was cutting and hauling of wood from the forest. For boys there was school for one part of the year and work in the fields for the other part; there was church on Sundays and holy days. It was an ordered world, simple, comprehensible, where everything was as it had been through all the generations that

had carved the farms of the province of Quebec from the forests of Lower Canada.

But now this world of Gaston was simple no longer.

"By Gar," he muttered, "she's crazy!"

Men from the big city of Montreal had paid Oliva Ledoux to build stables of a detail and cleanliness such as nobody had seen before at Ste. Lucie de Bellerive. Hitherto a foal had been an event of importance to any farmer but now the foals to come were a by-product of less importance than that which their mothers had, in other days, evacuated into the soil. More crazy still, these city men paid Oliva Ledoux a dollar and a half a gallon for that which Gaston caught in his bucket—more than other farmers were paid for the milk from their cows.

The thought would not let Gaston rest, and cunning, that debased currency of unused minds, came to tempt him. His natural wit had brought him more trouble than credit in the convent school of the village and nobody had told him that, whatever men have to do, there are always some who will sit and scheme how to find some way of doing the job with less trouble. Some such men have brought inestimable benefits to mankind; others have got themselves into more trouble.

"By gar," muttered Gaston for the third time, "she's crazy!"

Then he thought, if those city men were crazy, why should he be crazy too. Why should he sit awake all night when he could go to sleep and still produce a bucket full of that stuff in the morning. He himself could help to make up for what he did not catch, and in his village they still used certain receptacles at night because "les convenances" were too far away at the ends of the gardens.

Gaston smiled, leaned back against the new pine wood of the stall, yawned widely, and closed his eyes.

Two days after Gaston's inspiration, Oliva called the ten boys together before their night's vigil and regarded them. He pulled his long black mustache, first one side and then the other. The dark eyes that belonged to a work-runnled but well-fed face were now serious.

"There is one," he said, "who thinks he is clever. That which we send to the city only come from the mares and not from boys or those things which are used in a house. If it is not so, I lose my contract, you lose your jobs. It is also that in the city they will think we of Ste. Lucie do not regard with respect our obligations."

His eyes roved up and down the line of boys and it was a great relief to Gaston that they did not pause to rest on him.

That night Gaston was stirred, not by a troubled conscience, but by the restlessness that had stirred him before. This time it was prodded by a sharp question. How did those city men find out? How did they discover his trick? How could anyone know what he had done in the darkness of the night? He had not told the other boys. Yet those city men knew what he had done.

Maybe they were not so crazy after all.

The next day his restlessness would not let him make up the sleep he had now honestly lost during the night. He slipped out of the house into the hot dry sunshine of a cloudless day. He went to the stables where Oliva was forkling the clean straw for the stables. He hung around for a few moments until Oliva paused to pull out a red handkerchief, remove his wide straw hat and mop the sweat of good living from his brow.

"You want something?" Oliva suspected Gaston but he liked a boy with spirit. If there was ever any trouble with the schoolboys it was always Gaston who was blamed. Oliva looked at the thick waving black hair that fell over the intelligent brow and then at the large dark eyes. He had seen those eyes often with the light of mischief in them but this was the first time he had seen them troubled.

"You want something?" he repeated.

"M'sieu Ledoux . . ." Gaston hesitated, then plunged. "For what they use that stuff?"

Oliva was a man of few words. "For the women," he said simply.

Gaston's eyes opened wide with the shock of wonder. "They drink that stuff?"

The question startled Oliva too but in a different way. His mustaches curled over a broad smile. That would be a rich one to tell in the village tavern that night! Then he was rocking with laughter and Gaston was squirming with humiliation because he could see he had made a fool of himself. The boy turned and ran.

When he was out on the road again, he paused; to hell with Oliva Ledoux, he thought, and he walked through the village. His was a mind that did not dwell on past humiliations but pushed on to the next possibility and the next thing was the presbytery, severe and grey-stoned behind its bare lawn. There were three rocking chairs on the wide grey balcony that surrounded the house and they were empty, which reminded Gaston that on his way to the stables he had passed *Monsieur le Curé*, with his assistants, *le vicaire* and *l'abbé*, driving in their car in the direction of St. Agricole, the half town, half village that lay over the hills.

Gaston stared at the presbytery.

Across the lawn from the presbytery was the convent of the same grey stone, a large building which was also the village school presided over by *La Soeur Supérieure* under the guidance of *Monsieur le Curé*. Once when *la Soeur Supérieure* had given up Gaston as a bad job, Gaston had been sent across that strip of lawn to the study of *Monsieur le Curé* for the kind of punishment he would appreciate. He had been left waiting by old Annette, *la ménagère*, who in the sober black uniform of a housekeeper, had gone to search for *Monsieur le Curé*. Gaston had waited and waited that morning in the overwhelming silence of that big house and his eyes had travelled over rows of books and over one row in particular that had no titles but only intriguing letters with volumes from A-ANA to ZAS-ZYG. His curiosity had been unable to resist pulling one book out quickly to see what was inside. He had gained much in that one adventure and he knew now that there were books that told one everything about anything in the world.

As he remembered that incident and the car with the three incumbents of the parish he realised that there would be nobody in the presbytery but old Annette and that, beyond her passion for spotlessness and her devotion to the kitchen, she was not renowned in the village for intelligence. It would be easy to fool her. And in those books would be the solution to that which worried him.

With the assurance of one who has fooled many in his thirteen years he turned boldly up the concrete path to the presbytery. Old Annette in her own good time answered the call of the bell and when she saw Gaston she frowned.

"You again, eh? What trouble is it this time?"

Gaston was very respectful. "Bonjour, madame. M'sieu le Curé, is he at home?"

"No."

"M'sieu le vicaire?"

"No, nobody. Come again this afternoon."

"If you please, madam, there is a matter which is important. It is about the mares of M'sieu Ledoux."

Annette frowned. The mares of Oliva Ledoux had been the subject of much gossip. But one never knew where one might pick up some more.

"What is it?"

"It is because I can read the best in my class at school. I need permission from M'sieu le Curé to look in his Encyclo-

pedia to read something about mares which it is important to know. Perhaps one needs *le vétérinaire* . . . very, very important."

This would have deceived nobody but old Annette. Gaston could summon an angelic innocence to his young face, and Annette was well aware that the mares of Oliva Ledoux brought much money to the village.

Gaston saw hesitation in her face and pursued his advantage. "It would take only five minutes. Perhaps M'sieu le Curé would not mind?"

There was something both wheedling and flattering in his manner as he conferred upon the hard-working housekeeper the power of authority over that house that itself was so full of authority over the village.

She frowned. "It is urgent?"

"The mares might die," said Gaston. Anyone could die at anytime. *M'sieu le Curé* himself had said that in a sermon, so he, Gaston, was telling no lie.

"Wipe your feet well," said Annette gruffly.

Gaston wiped his feet with unnecessary vigour and followed *la ménagère* to the study.

"Whick book?" she asked suspiciously as if, having given in too much already, she might change her mind.

"There!" He pointed with convincing assurance to the shelf holding the long line of the Encyclopedia.

"Then be quick. I will be back."

Gaston's eye ranged the shelf to the volume labelled PA-PLA. He took the book with a sly smile on his face. That was a neat trick he had pulled on old Annette.

The language among the people of Ste. Lucie had retained an essential simplicity that had no prudery about ancient words which expressed natural functions. So Gaston opened the book at PIS and searched for the word he knew. It was not there. Doubt assailed him. He took another book, found HORSE and looked for the obvious suffix.

Then a slight sound disturbed him. He looked up expecting Annette and saw the questioning face of *la Soeur Supérieure*. He was transfixed by the unexpected shock, transformed in one glance from the clever deceiver of Annette to the guilty schoolboy. The Sister Superior had cold grey eyes in an ivory face surrounded by starched white linen, and her eyes had a stillness that looked right through one into the heart. Gaston was one of the crosses the Sister Superior bore with stern dignity.

"*La ménagère* tells me you are seeking something for Monsieur Ledoux. Can I help you?"

Gaston was in a panic because *la Soeur Supérieure* was one to whose grey eyes it was impossible to tell a lie.

"What is it to which you refer?"

Gaston's legs seemed to have no strength. "It is about horses."

"No doubt it is about some particular thing, is it not?"

"Yes." Gaston's eyes looked desperately about him for some way of escape. But there was none.

"Then what is it?"

There was a gentle implacability about the Sister Superior and Gaston knew he was trapped. Somewhere in these books of knowledge there was no doubt a doctor's word for what he was looking for, a word which he could use to Sister Superior; but he did not know it. There was the childish word one used for babies but to use that for horses would make him look even more ridiculous before the Sister Superior than he had looked to Oliva Ledoux such a short time before. His manhood revolted. His turmoil telegraphed itself to the Sister Superior as the only too familiar signs of guilt. Her voice was stern.

"Gaston Bédard! What is it you are looking for in that encyclopedia?"

He knew the end had come. He looked up at her sullen, defiant.

"Horse . . ." he began. Then the word spurted like a swear-word.

La Soeur Supérieure took the only action that experience had told her was effective in the case of Gaston Euclide Xavier Bédard. She moved to him and slapped his face first on one cheek and then the other. Pif-paf! A few moments later he was out in the street, turned out by old Annette with the help of a corn broom. She used the corn broom briskly because only the deeper depths of human perfidy could have made it necessary for *la Soeur Supérieure* to lie down with closed eyes on the sofa in the study of *Monsieur le Curé*.

And that little devil had looked so like an angel!

It was Gaston's talent that he could look like an angel, and his good fortune that, as a safety valve, he could throw the temper of seven devils when he was anti-social.

The electricity comes into Ste. Lucie de Bellerive from St. Agricole through wires strung on poles and on each pole there are glass insulators. There were plenty of stones by the roadside and fierce destructiveness in Gaston's heart. If anger had not weakened his aim he would have broken every insulator, but his frustration was only made worse by not hitting one. When he saw the car coming over the hill he was in a mood to commit any crime against humanity. He waited behind a hedge and then, as the car drove past, he let fly a stone. He did not miss this time but he had underestimated the clang of the impact and the shock of such a sound to the owner of the car. There was a squeal of none-too-good brakes, an outthrust head spotting the movement of the bushes as Gaston dived for deeper cover. Half a minute later Gaston was being led to the car by the ear.

Now was the moment when his cup of misery overflowed at last and tears streamed down Gaston's cheeks.

"Regardez!" said Doctor Grolier, for it was, of all misfortunes, Doctor Grolier of St. Agricole. The doctor pointed at an almost imperceptible dent in the door of his car.

"Regardez! It is not enough that I bring you miserable brats into the world to plague your parents, but why do you ram down my throat that I am a fool to have become a doctor and be responsible for delivering more stupidity into an already overburdened world. But for my Hippocratic oath I would do better if I strangled you all at birth."

Doctor Grolier, who was normally pleasant as well as plump, loved nothing better than an excuse to talk. He was in no hurry that morning and so he talked. The dent in the door was much less than the visible damage from other mishaps in the long and honorable life of his car but the difference in cause and social consequence was immense. Doctor Grolier rammed the difference into Gaston at great length, at such length and with such eloquence that Gaston's tears dried up and the realization came to him that the doctor was using words such as he had never heard before. It also came to him that being a doctor he would know another and less offending word for that word which had so upset *la Soeur Supérieure*.

"Now," said the doctor, "let that be a lesson to you!"

He released Gaston's ear and wiped the fingers that had held it on a clean white handkerchief; the delay caused by the operation was his downfall. Gaston was now himself again, restored by an understandable crime justly and non-violently punished.

"Doctor," he asked with an earnest air. "Doctor, what is the word a doctor uses . . . for . . ."

"For what?" asked the doctor.

Gaston blurted out the word.

The doctor looked at Gaston, not without interest. "Urine," he said, as if it were a trivial matter.

"Urine," repeated Gaston, fondling the word that had stirred his life so deeply in the past few days. "And when you do that do that?"

"Urinate," said the doctor. "Or," unable to resist the extra words, "If frequent . . . to micturate." Then the inconvenience of the boy's request raised his curiosity. "Why do you want to know?"

"That's why I threw that stone," said Gaston, swiftly responding to equality of understanding. "I threw it because of that stuff."

"Ha!" said the doctor who knew a case when he saw one. Then, because there is never any hurry at Ste. Lucie de Bellerive except when babies come, he drew from Gaston the whole story, from the deceit in the night to the throwing of the stone, and he chuckled with delight at some of the episodes and nodded seriously at the proper times. Gaston, soothed by a sympathetic listener, ventured his question again.

"Doctor, what for they use that stuff?"

The very same question had caused the doctor to write for the literature on the subject from the medical manufacturing company in Montreal and the matter was fresh in his mind. He was interested in the subject and had nobody in St. Agricole to whom he could talk freely on such a subject without fear of boring his company. So he told Gaston about the endocrine glands and about hormones that the chemists isolated from all kinds of peculiar substances, and how the doctors used these hormones to adjust the balance of the glands. He also told him how they could analyse "that stuff" to catch deceivers. Gaston, not understanding all, yet saw the pieces of a bewildering puzzle slide into a comprehensible picture. The unease went from his mind and he was awakening to another world which seemed crazy only to those who knew nothing but the world of sowing and reaping, and spring and summer, and fall and winter.

"And those hormones which you, my little Gaston, rescue from the waste of nature are perhaps some of the most important in medicine and go from this simple village of Ste. Lucie and other villages to the United States, to South America, to Europe, to Africa, to everywhere where there are people who need help. You my little Gaston, sit at the very spring of a new fountain of health." He was watching Gaston's absorbed face. "Now we will drive, you and I, to the village."

When the doctor returned to St. Agricole he met *Monsieur le Curé* of Ste. Lucie de Bellerive.

"M'sieu le Curé, today I have delivered a child in your village."

"So?" said *Monsieur le Curé* who generally knew when these events were expected.

"It is not one you have foreseen," chuckled the doctor. "The travail was hard, *la Soeur Supérieure* was the midwife, and my fee—one which I shall never regard without some echo of pleasure—was a dent in the door of my car."

Monsieur le Curé knew the doctor well and suffered his circumlocution. "And the mother?"

"Gaston Euclide Xavier Bédard! No doubt you would like to know the name of the child?"

Monsieur le Curé waited for another of Doctor Grolier's labored jokes but it did not come. The doctor was suddenly serious.

"The name of the child is 'Intellectual Curiosity.' Look after that little Gaston well. Some day he will do your village credit."

Then he looked at the Cure and wondered if he should tell him the whole story. Perhaps not. But he was dying to tell it to someone.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE a movie turns up about whose merits one finds himself hopelessly at variance with one's ordinarily right-thinking friends, but when two such appear on the local circuits within a month or so of each other, one begins to doubt one's own sanity instead of theirs. It is therefore with a distinct sense of misgiving that I advance the opinion that *Johnny Belinda*, which got its star, Jane Wyman, an Oscar for a very nice piece of acting, belongs strictly to the bucolic soap-opera class, and not in the small distinguished group of simple, moving sagas of the soil to which most of my friends assign it. Its theme, which is the violation of innocence, is a very sticky one to handle in any medium, and requires one of two qualities in its presentation—extreme simplicity or extreme sophistication. *Johnny Belinda* had neither. I found the result embarrassingly sentimental. The sureness of conception and integrity of feeling necessary to put across a fable like *Johnny Belinda* are rare enough anywhere, and practically nonexistent in Hollywood. Offhand I would say that the French film, *Symphonie Pastorale*, which is certainly not everybody's meat even at that, comes far closer to "sincerity" than any American effort I have ever seen.

In the case of *The Passionate Friends*, on the other hand, I find myself in the reverse position: of recommending as practically adult entertainment a film which seemed to strike everybody else as slick women's-magazine stuff, not worth a second glance. The story, from an H. G. Wells novel, concerns a girl (Ann Todd), who in late adolescence falls violently in love with a young philosophy student (Trevor Howard). In spite of her emotional response, however, she finds the demanding possessiveness of romantic passion intolerable (a not uncommon reaction, usually ignored by the people who write film stories), and, recoiling, marries a middle-aged banker (Claude Rains), who offers her security and a certain brand of personal independence into the bargain. As the years go by the two young people meet accidentally from time to time; but although their mutual attraction is as strong as ever, time and circumstances are even stronger. The student, now a professor, marries too, acquires a responsible university job and a couple of children; and when ultimately the banker, who has suddenly fallen in love with his wife, decides to divorce her, naming the professor as co-respondent, romantic love takes a terrible beating. It seems to me that naturally it would, but I was as surprised as anybody else when Claude Rains actually got the girl, wiser and not really much sadder than she would have been if she had married Trevor Howard in the first place. This denouement struck me as an admirable step in the direction of sober realism, and the mutations, not so much in the characters' emotions as in the circumstances which governed their actions, were really remarkably lifelike. I seem to be alone, though, in appreciating the way in which the subject was handled.

Speaking of steps in the right direction, music lovers in general will agree that *Concert Magic*, a film concert by Yehudi Menuhin, Jacob Gimpel, a mezzo-soprano whose name I cannot at the moment recall, and an orchestra conducted by Antal Dorati, deserves to be followed by a number of similar, and possibly better productions of the same kind. At an ordinary concert one's point of view is constant, but one does not ordinarily look exclusively at the performer. In a darkened movie theatre, however, it is impossible not to look at the screen, and the sharp black-and-white contrasts and the highlights of, say, a white shirt-front both tire the

eyes and distract the attention. Some attempt to correct this monotony was made by changing the position of the camera and varying long shots with close-ups, but no attempt was made to synchronize the change of focus with the rhythmic or melodic pattern of the music, so that a second source of distraction was created. It should, of course, go without saying that extreme care should be taken in recording the music itself: even with the best recording possible, there will always be the hazard of individual theatres whose sound equipment may vary from the norm. So far, the film concert is still in the experimental stage, and runs a bad second to good recorded music played in the privacy of one's home.

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For July and August this year the film review will be written by Maxwell Cohen and Bella Pomer; in September, if all goes well, I shall take a deep breath and start in again.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Editor: I have just finished reading the article ["On the Air"] in the May issue of *The Canadian Forum*. I quite agree that we should make every effort to secure the best recordings of standard works. However, we are but human and occasionally our taste is not as perfect as either our listeners have a right to expect or as we ourselves would wish.

We do not resent criticism; it is a helpful stimulus to the improvement of our service. I have always found your comments on the CBC thought-provoking and reasonable; but in all fairness to those who are purchasing our recordings I do take strong objection to the suggestion that there is a "saw-off" between them and manufacturers of recordings. I am surprised that a magazine of your standing would even in a semi-apologetic way put such a suggestion in public print. We of the CBC are all too aware of our many shortcomings but I can assure you that dishonesty is not one of them.

E. L. Bushnell,
Director General of Programs,
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, Toronto, Ontario.

The Editor: A misprint at the beginning of my "B.B.C. Accent and the American Color Bar" needs to be pointed out. The official figure, which I quoted, for English government scholarships to the present Public Schools is 7 per cent. Your misprint made it 70 per cent. Were the figure indeed 70 per cent there would have been no point in my making the remarks I did.

H. M. McLuhan, St. Michael's College,
Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: We regret to inform you that *The Naked and the Dead*, by Norman Mailer, has been banned by Canadian authorities in Ottawa. We are keeping your back-order on file in the hope that upon further consideration this ruling may be lifted. We have protested their decision and should it be reversed, your back-order will be filled at our earliest opportunity, unless we hear from you to the contrary.

Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► THE NEW Columbia recording of the Mozart *Piano Quartet in G* (K. 478) by George Szell and members of the Budapest String Quartet is a satisfactory (although not outstanding) performance of a deservedly popular work. The recording, balance, and general liveliness are superior to those of the old Schnabel-Pro-Arte set, although the copy I

received was noisy or fuzzy here and there, particularly toward the end of side one.

The Chopin *Concerto No. 2 in F minor* is sometimes contrasted unfavorably with its companion in E minor, and perhaps justly, but as played by Malczynski in his rather old-fashioned and poetic way, it is not without charm in the first two movements at least. It would be hard to forget the "haunting refrain" of the slow movement, with its bassoon counterpoint later on, which Tovey praised so highly, and there is a poignant arpeggio theme toward the close of the exposition in the first movement which lingers in the mind almost as persistently. The first movement, however, has a cut in the opening ritornello. Such things are pointless on records. Give us the complete work and we will do our own cutting if we want to. The Philharmonia orchestra under Paul Kletski gives Malczynski's good accompaniment and Columbia gives them both adequate recording.

Much better recording by Columbia can be heard in the new set of Delibes' ballet *Coppelia* with Constant Lambert conducting the Royal Opera House orchestra. The brightness and balance of sound are extraordinary in this set, and Lambert's performance is full of verve and grace.

And from Columbia comes yet another recording of the Tchaikovsky *Piano Concerto No. 1*, this time by Oscar Levant and the Philadelphia orchestra under Ormandy. When Levant gets the opportunity to play simply he shows his real talent, but his virtuoso style tends to be brash, bumpy and full of effort. He tries too hard. Listen, for example, to the big lyric theme of the finale as it is played by the orchestra and then listen to Levant's floundering as he repeats it immediately after. But, before dismissing him entirely, listen to the quieter passages of the slow movement, where he is at his best. The recorded sound seems harsh to me, but I suspect that Tchaikovsky's orchestration (as well as other things) is not at its most effective or refined in this work and divide the blame accordingly.

TURNING NEW LEAVES

► DURING THE PAST two weeks I have been writing mainly about Canada. The work has consisted chiefly of geographical description, material for which has been secured from every available source. I have had access to the library of the University of Toronto, the Toronto Reference Library, and the Ontario Legislative Library. Possibly there is still a great deal of information about Canada on the shelves of these libraries that I have not seen, but if so it has eluded all my efforts to find it.

When it is boiled down, it is appalling how little reliable material there is. Canada is such a vast country that only by sections can it be dealt with in any detail; nevertheless, very few of these sections have been covered even superficially; some not at all. More material exists on Nova Scotia, perhaps, than on any other part of Canada; if other parts were as fully covered, there would be less ground for complaint. New Brunswick, in comparison, is practically a *terra incognita*.

A certain amount has been written about some aspects of Quebec life; but, outside of the Saguenay and one or two other such places, very little descriptive material is available about the largest province of Canada, at least in English. Until American steel interests required the iron ore of what was once called Ungava, almost nothing was known about that most interesting country.

Katherine Hale has a book about Ontario, which she has recently brought up to date; but it does not pretend to cover those parts of the province most greatly in need of description. Many parts are practically unknown, and a vast region

is known only to a few. The Albany is the largest river wholly within Ontario, but such information as one can secure about it is fragmentary and not very reliable. One of the most important sections of Ontario lies between a height of land and Hudson and James Bays, but no one delving for official information on the subject would have any occasion to suspect it.

The searcher, conning index-cards in the libraries, might wonder whether an interdict had been issued against writing anything about eastern Canada since the beginning of the twentieth century. Many books seem to have been written by British travellers who condescendingly visited the colonies in the days before Confederation. One such is that by John Howison, published in Edinburgh in 1821, entitled: "Sketches of Upper Canada, domestic, local and characteristic; to which are added, practical details for the information of emigrants of every class, and some recollections of the United States of America."

Those wishing to learn something about New Brunswick may console themselves with the reflections of Thomas Baillie, whose book was published in London in 1832. It is entitled: "An account of the Province of New Brunswick; including a description of the settlements, institutions, soil, and climate of that important province, with advice to emigrants."

Joseph Sansom, whose book was published in London in 1820, contributes: "Travels in Lower Canada, with the author's recollections of the soil, and aspect, the morals, habits and religious institutions of that country."

Beyond accounts of fur traders, there is little to be found in the libraries about the prairies and the great northwest. In this regard, mention should be made, of course, of *Manitoba Milestones* by Margaret MacWilliams, and the important series on *Canadian Frontiers of Settlement*, edited by W. A. Mackintosh and W. L. G. Joerg, as well as a recent book, *The New North-West* edited by C. A. Dawson.

A few more writers have been induced to deal with British Columbia, but they write largely about a small section at the coast. When it comes to other parts of that varied and interesting province, the library shelves are almost entirely bare. I wanted to get some descriptive matter about those amazingly beautiful lakes in the northwestern corner of the province, Atlin, Teslin, and Tagish. Since none of the books or reports I could find supplied the information, I wrote to what I thought was the appropriate department in Victoria. After considerable delay, I received a pitiful little folder about Atlin District, lacking not only imagination, but also information. This is typical of my experience in applying to government sources.

I must make an exception of the Geological Survey of Canada. It is too bad, however, that the detailed, geographic and topographic reports, published annually since the time of Confederation, should have been discontinued about a dozen years ago. It is probable that a geologist, dropped by a plane, and making a hurried geological examination, details of which are plotted on a map compiled from aerial photographs, can secure most of the information needed by prospectors and others; but, from the standpoint of those who wish to know something about the country in greater detail, this method leaves much to be desired.

In this regard, I should like to pay my respects to men like Dawson, McConnell, and Tyrrell, who ranged the far reaches of our vast hinterland, and whose practised eyes seem never to have missed the slightest detail of the territories through which they passed. Their accounts are as much a part of the literature of this country as many more pretentious efforts. Since it may seem invidious to mention only three

(Continued on page 66)

The Green Family.

I will begin to delineate the green family.
Under the shade of the mother sat the father
small weedy and seedy
wearing his light hair daubed on his forehead;
he was a salvation army man, weekdays
he moved ashcans for the city.

His children were all mouths diligent with love of honey.
They could have spelled down anybody's child.
Sitting in the front row at the library hour
they let their darned black legs hang down,
all of them thin as water spiders, and the gold
dream of his trumpet kept them whole.

Summer sand could have held them
like five smooth stones. Off to one side
was the mother being a flowering-bush in her housedress.
They consulted about the special ride; at twilight
he took the three biggest ones aboard
that marvel of a varnished speedboat and went off in a wave.

He could not walk on water. When the shock came
he was a gallant giving his arm
in perfect faith to his three small daughters,
told them the longest story they had ever heard;
going along that hollow wooden walk by the lake
they came to the all-gold sugar bush of the tale.

The airforce dragged
him up pale as a weed-draped Shiva;
one of the other mothers told that she was knitting
a wee red jacket for her Rita that would have been
more mere red flesh though and no sort of preserver.
Henry had been an angel.

I cannot bring my heart to mourn
his unreturn,
nor can the remnant that remember him
remembering he looked last into the sun
that was a golden gabriel and sang him home.

Colleen Thibaudeau.

Sir, Said the Child

Sir, said the child to me, what does it
Really feel like to be dying?
Perhaps it is more like flying
Away than falling into a pit?

Is it smooth or rough, or does it hear
Strange animals bark or clocks strike?
Is it hot or cold or far or near?
Tell me, Sir, what is dying like?

What could I tell the child? Should I say:
It's different for everyone?
Sudden like Eric's German gun
Or gracious like Jack's bed-ridden day?

What are Eric and Jack to the child?
Should I say: Thekla had waited,
And when it came it was soft and mild
Like wine, and almost belated?

Should I say: Duncan died in the Blitz
And Karl is alive though dead,
Because they hit him on the head
(and elsewhere) in Dachau and Auschwitz?

And Brooke, though dead, is alive today,
And some men, though born, remain dead?
Or: The snow fell and the skies were grey
And he was twenty and Fred?

What shall I tell the child? Dying
Even adults know little about.
Perhaps it's simply a going out?
Children can be very trying.

A. J. Frisch.

Hospital Night for Harriet

The corridors of the mind are long, Harriet,
hollow with the loss of sounds you know.
No one walks with you there, Harriet, or says
how far you go.

You travel lightly, having no reason now
why you should stay: the days are spent.
When night unfolds its curious twisted patterns
you follow your bent.

How free is the leafy branch torn from the tree
blown skywards, groundwards, tumbling road and sky,
head over heels in love and out again,
and riding high!

The little door in the hall that Alice loved
led everywhere at once. What Alice found
was everything, with all the usual meanings
outward bound.

Gargoyles and disembodied tunes are there,
ambiguous signposts where corners stir;
and how all this might end is wonder for
the wanderer.

A little while. But the air is cold.
All the walls of your questions fade away.
Somehow you know by morning you will return
to touch the day.

Violet Anderson

Park: Congested Area

As the thin tide of morning coolness ebbs
leaving people writhing in the glittered heat
like shellfish torn from dark rock-pool
and left to curl and twist to blistered death,
the shallow ponds of shadow in the park
crowd and cram and overfill
with dehydrated forms that sprawl and suck
the dregs of coolness from the balding grass
suck, and suck it arid, suck the dust
and choke and choke on dust, too dry to spit.

Anne Marriott.

out of such a large number, Selwyn, Logan, Low, and the two Bell might also be mentioned. Among those whose work has been done in more recent years, one might mention D. D. Cairns, Camsell, Dowling, and Alcock. Any mention of Canadian geologists should, of course, include Dr. A. P. Coleman.

Why should there be this paucity of information about such an entrancingly interesting country as Canada? Does the Canadian scene make no appeal to our writers? It appears so from an examination of the bibliographies. The majority of those who have written books about Canada seem to have been visitors. Even when books are written by Canadians, they, more often than not, are published elsewhere. One of the best books on Nova Scotia is by Dorothy Duncan, now a Canadian, but it was published in New York by Harper; biographies of three Canadian rivers have already been written for a series being published in the United States.

It is therefore, a pleasure to mention a little book written by a Canadian and published in Canada. This book, *The Northland: Ontario* was first published in 1946 and reprinted last year.* The writer, O. T. G. Williamson, is the author of many articles on northern Ontario, and is, I understand, in the employ of the Ontario Northland Railway. While it may be part of his duty to publicize the country through which his railway runs, this does not detract from the value of his little book.

In eight short chapters, comprising little more than a hundred pages, Mr. Williamson packs a great deal of interesting information. He does not, however, break any new ground; it is of places off the main trails that information is so badly needed. It is to be hoped that the Ryerson Press will commission Mr. Williamson to write a really adequate book about this region; and that other publishers will come out of their fox-holes and commission writers to do similarly with other regions of Canada.

D. M. LEBOURDAIS.

BOOKS REVIEWED

POLAND OLD AND NEW: W. J. Rose; Clarke, Irwin (G. Bell & Sons); pp. 354; \$6.50.

The history of Poland, from the inception of the Polish state in 966 to the present day, makes fascinating reading not only because of its inherent interest but because it provides a new body of material by which one can test the validity of a whole series of hypotheses developed by the social sciences in the English speaking world. William J. Rose, professor of Polish Literature and History at the University of London and director of the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, is the author of several monographs on various aspects of Polish history. His most recent book belongs to the great tradition of English liberal scholarship. He brings to his subject an astonishing command of Polish political, economic, and cultural development, as well as an objective and realistic point of view. This detachment is the more admirable since many of the problems he examines are highly controversial and much of the current literature is written in a bitterly partisan spirit. Yet he cannot be accused of indifference. His sympathy for and understanding of all things Polish is evident.

The book deals with three main themes: the rise and fall of the Polish Monarchy (966-1918); the birth of the Republic and its brief history (1918-1939); the war, occupation and the recent developments in the New Poland. Major trends of Polish history are carefully explored: the eastward expansion under the Piasts; the union with Lithuania; the growth of the political and economic power of the magnates

*THE NORTHLAND: ONTARIO; O. T. G. Williamson; Ryerson; pp. 110; \$1.50.

and nobility; the consequent impoverishment of peasants and burghers; the tragic constitutional development beginning with the decree of *nihil novi* in 1050 and culminating in the acceptance of *liberum veto* in 1652; and the Partitions.

In discussing the political and economic structure of the post-1919 Republic, Professor Rose gives an extremely fair evaluation of the magnitude of the tasks, the slimness of resources, the achievements and the errors. Of the latter the most serious, of course, was the gradual movement away from the democratic constitution of 1921. "It was a major misfortune," the author concludes, "for most of the newly-formed States of Central Europe that Labor-Socialist elements and peasant parties did not succeed in resolving their differences, so as to unite their forces in working for progressive policies, both at home and in the international field."

His appraisal of the problems of the New Poland, based upon a trip made in the spring of 1947, is even more interesting. He dispels two equally erroneous notions bruited about by interested parties: that Poland is a true folk-democracy; that she is nothing but a passive adjunct of the Soviet Union. The truth, as often happens, lies somewhere in between. The New Poland presents a challenge to the past classifications of propaganda and journalism. While it may be difficult to go along with Professor Rose's optimism about Poland's immediate future, especially in view of the recent developments in Eastern Europe, his book, if widely read in the West, may contribute to the fulfilment of his expectations.

Stefan Stykolt

THE SCIENCE AND ENGINEERING OF NUCLEAR POWER: Clark Goodman, editor; Addison-Wesley Press, Cambridge, 42, Mass. Vol. 1—503 pp., \$7.50; Vol. 2—317 pp., \$2.00.

This book, compiled from seminars held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology from October, 1946, onward, is probably the most comprehensive as well as the most authoritative ever published on its fascinating and overwhelmingly important subject.

Nuclear Power is not a layman's book; it is not easy reading; it is not, probably, fully and completely understandable except by specialists in the relatively new field of nuclear physics and the very new one of nuclear engineering, and, to use a sinisterly apt current phrase, their "fellow-travelers." However, it can be read with profit and pleasure by anyone with an elementary grounding in physics and higher mathematics, and is unreservedly recommended to all who would like to know what was doing in the top-secret laboratories of this and other countries an unspecified time ago. This may seem to be a somewhat peculiar circumlocution; it is so because, such are the uses of "security," the last word is not in this book nor in any other to which the public has access.

Volume One is concerned with the fundamentals of nuclear physics, the fission process, neutron diffusion, and nuclear chain reacting systems. Other chapters deal with elementary pile theory and its experimental application, the chemistry of the fission process and its products, and the construction, operation, and control of nuclear reactors. This volume is, in effect, a comprehensive but very guarded survey of the field and of what is known therein.

The second volume gets (or purports to get)—and it is sad to have to use such a qualification in speaking of any scientific work) down to cases, with discussion of nuclear fuels and their available sources, methods of isotope separation, chapters on the shielding of reactors, heat transfer and removal, health problems, materials for the construction of piles, and related subjects. All of it most interesting, sound, and informative as far as it goes. But, and it is a very big but,

the gaps are enormous and, from the viewpoint of the scientific method, ridiculous.

The net effect of the book is this: that at a period when automobiles had been built and had been running around for at least five years, experts in the field of automobile design had set out to write a comprehensive treatise on The Automobile. This they had done with the very minimum of reference to the automobiles which were known to be in existence, with never a photograph nor a paragraph which said, for example: "This is the 1942 Cadillac; here is a complete dimensioned elevation of the V-8 engine; on page 342 will be found details of their new hydraulic valve-lifters."

We know that about a dozen nuclear piles have been built and are operating in this country, in the U.S.A., and in England, and yet, with the exception of a fragmentary description of the low power pile at Chalk River (it is interesting to note that almost all of the specific and detailed description in the book comes from the National Research Council) there is hardly any explicit information about them in the whole eight hundred pages. Not a photograph; detailed and dimensioned drawings of only some relatively unimportant auxiliary equipment; of the heart of the matter—the nuclear reactors themselves, only a few schematics (some of them taken from *Life*) which an imaginative draughtsman might have put together after half an hour's talk with someone who knew the subject passably well.

What the book *does* tell is a good deal about the theory of nuclear power and a very little about its engineering; what it *does not* tell about these tells a great deal about the state of civilization and the human mind in this fifth year of the Atomic Age. All of these implications are set forth in this paragraph from Professor Goodman's preface to the second volume:

"It is becoming increasingly evident that progress in this field is being hampered in the United States by the present security regulations and by the threat of Congressional censure in public hearings. The contents of these two volumes alone should be sufficient proof that "atomic secrets" are largely figments formed in the minds of well meaning persons who happen to be ignorant of this special field. A workable basis for the free exchange of ideas must be found. Mankind cannot continue to stand in mortal fear of the greatest scientific accomplishment of our time." A.S.

CANADA AN INTERNATIONAL POWER: Andre Siegfried; Clarke, Irwin (Jonathan Cape); pp. 283; \$3.25.

In 1907 Professor Siegfried wrote his first book about Canada. His second, of which this is a revised edition, appeared in 1937. The interest which is bound to attend such a book here is that it enables Canadians to see themselves through the eyes of an outsider, albeit a friendly one. Covering as it does many aspects of Canadian life—it is divided into sections on the demography and the geographical, economic, and political aspects—the book must at least cause Canadian readers to ask themselves whether they and their institutions are as Professor Siegfried describes them.

He indulges in some pretty broad generalizations. Some are of a brutal frankness that no Canadian would risk publicly. Thus his comments on the English attitude to the French: "The English population of every kind and class, Socialist and Conservative alike, resents the French Canadians with a hostility which is instinctive and congenital. Nothing can be done about it. There is a total lack of understanding, or even of a desire to understand. I really believe that at heart, and without thinking things out, the chief thing they have against the French is that they are there! In these circumstances the deep-seated, chronic antagonism of the two provinces of Quebec and Ontario no longer seems to be paradoxical." Presumably Professor Siegfried is not aware

of Mr. Drew's eminent success in getting along with Mr. Duplessis.

Somewhat more palatable is the shrewd, good-humored observation about the Scotch-Canadians, notably their contribution to the banking profession: "In the Montreal telephone directory, the Macs fill six pages. Tear them out, and Montreal is no longer a financial capital, but simply an immense French village with a little English garrison!"

Professor Siegfried is on safer ground when he deals with facts that are obtainable from the Canada Year Book. His description of Canadian agriculture is good, despite his remark that in western Canada the horse "is only raised for meat." Possibly the Saskatchewan horse-processing co-op confused the author who recently visited that province. His discussion of Canada's strategic position as an airway centre is more realistic. Whether one agrees with him or not (the tendency is to say "yes, but . . ."), Professor Siegfried's views on English-French relations and on the political aspects of Canadian life are bound to produce some serious and candid self-examinations. Certainly his basic premise, that Canada swings eternally between British and American centres of gravity, cannot be either denied or lightly brushed aside. It is for these reasons that his book is worth reading.

But at least one boner deserves castigation, especially since it was carried over uncorrected from the earlier edition, and that is the reference to the Canadian workman. "He arrives," says Professor Siegfried, "at the factory in his car, wears gauntlets at work, is well equipped and well housed." Indeed! This observation is almost enough to make some of the others equally questionable.

The translation from the French is very capably done by Doris Hemming. An index and a dozen maps and charts round out the volume.

A. Andras.

A HISTORY OF ECONOMIC DOCTRINES: Charles Gide and Charles Rist; Clarke, Irwin (Harrap); pp. 800; \$5.25.

Normally, a book 800 pages long is a horrifying prospect, but there are few who will delve into this volume without being impelled to keep on reading. *A History of Economic Doctrines* was first published in France in 1909 and thereafter it went through several editions. The present English translation incorporates the various changes and additions made in the most recent French editions. Professor Rist accepts the responsibility for the extra chapters which deal with economic thought since the first world war. That being so he must also accept the credit for an excellent summary of the conflicting theories of economic crises.

For those who do not have time to study the many books which have been written on economic theory, this history, along with Haberler's *Prosperity and Depression* will provide an indispensable summary of economic thought from the times of the Physiocrats to the present day. An enormous amount of writing and opinion dealing with the current theories of crises has been digested and presented in the last 120 pages. As Professor Rist says, the difficulty of the problem of accounting for the more or less regular cyclical movements and the great rises and falls in prices has inspired many investigations and produced a great variety of points of view. Understandably, they are not all here but the main body of opinion is carefully presented.

Professor Rist pays tribute to the Swedish school for its contribution to a body of theory capable of supporting practical solutions. However he warns that "the danger to be avoided lies in the academic subtleties and controversies about ill-defined terms that have spread in some countries"—obviously a warning that should be heeded by others than economists. A skilful course is steered between the academic subtleties which he condemns and the over-simplification

which is no less dangerous. It is perhaps inevitable, in a short review, that emphasis should be laid on modern theory, but earlier economic thought is dealt with fairly and faithfully by the late M. Gide as well as by M. Rist. The debt which today's economic theorists owe their predecessors is acknowledged, although the reader is usually left the task of unearthing for himself many of the analogies between modern and not-so-modern theory.

The translation is excellent and the book provides fascinating reading not only for students but for all who are interested in our increasingly pressing economic problems. A.M.S.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE AND UNIVERSITY EDUCATION: Joseph E. McLean, editor; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Princeton); pp. 243; \$4.75.

HUMAN NATURE IN POLITICS: Graham Wallas; (new edition with foreword by A. L. Rowse); Longmans, Green; pp. 296; \$3.00.

It was a curious coincidence that brought these two books for review in the same week. Graham Wallas, writing in 1908, complains that: "For the moment, therefore, nearly all students of politics analyse institutions and avoid the analysis of man"; and makes a wise and cogent plea that future political scientists should draw their material from the live clashes of political action rather than the dead leaves of books. The Princeton symposium is the product of a hot debate on the best qualifications and training of public servants, conducted by men who have been administrators in the senior posts in Great Britain and the United States, or who have given most of their time to the study of administration. It would have been good if the Princeton debaters had all started by reading *Human Nature in Politics*. It would have seemed good to Graham Wallas that men of such eminence as James Forrestal, Rowland Egger, Robert Lovett, Sir James Grigg, and John Gaus should debate the place of the university in training men for the public service.

In his provocative introduction to *Human Nature and Politics*, A. L. Rowse writes, "Naturally it is possible to disagree with this or that point; but on the whole, the book stands astonishingly firm and true . . . after forty years his book may be regarded as a classic. . . . It should be made prescribed reading for all practising politicians. Alas, not all of them would be capable of understanding it." A reviewer can do little more than repeat the dose for political scientists and congratulate the publishers on their wisdom in making the book available again.

The best essay in the Princeton symposium is Rowland Egger's analysis of the discussions. He points out that although the focus of the arguments was the contribution of the universities to the training of public servants, "most of the problems discussed by the conference run to questions of principle entirely outside the field of personnel training and management—to basic issues of social and governmental organization, to social and administrative values, and to intellectual and moral convictions about the shape of things to come." Graham Wallas would say "Inevitably! Discussions of practical needs in government must come back to questions of principle, tempered by a life-time of experience with human beings." Egger rightly points out that there is little difference between British and American experience "with respect to 85 per cent of the civil service . . . and that with respect to the remaining 15 per cent there are many more points of similarity than of difference, while the fundamental incompatibilities to the degree that they exist turn on social and political considerations rather than on administrative ones."

The major difference is that British practice recognizes, recruits and attempts to train an "administrative class" of generalists, skilled in the use of specialists, as the core of the

permanent senior civil service administration. American practice puts greater stress on the specialist. It is clear from this book that a substantial body of honest doubt exists among many experienced administrators of the adequacy of this approach to the recruiting and training of the men who are to operate the increasingly large and complex machinery of modern government.

It would be a salutary exercise for all those who care about efficiency in the public service to take time to read these two books.

John S. Morgan.

JAMES JOYCE: Herbert Gorman; Clarke, Irwin (Rinehart); pp. 358; \$3.50.

This is still the best biography of Joyce. At times the biographer's eye-witness immediacy of presentation, especially as regards the early life, seems to have more author's directing than is desirable in biography, a form which should tend, as much as possible, to the impartial setting forth of facts. However, it makes the book very readable. Certain aspects of Joyce's literary career are well handled, particularly the almost unbelievable trouble he had with publishers and printers. But there are also some very mystifying, and, for the interested reader, most annoying omissions. Perhaps Joyce was not very communicative, conversationally or by letter, on problems of literature and art generally, but there is, when all is considered, conspicuously little of this type of information supplied by Mr. Gorman. Until this matter is rectified—if it is possible—there will remain a certain gap between the Joyce we see through Mr. Gorman's eyes, and the Joyce who wrote *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* we have a very interesting esthetic sketched out, especially important in its implications; throughout *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are to be found fragments of what would appear to be a development of the initial theory of the epiphany. What is needed is more light on this critical matter from Joyce's letters and talk. One might also have expected a little more, in this new edition, concerning Joyce's last years. As it is, the work he is said to have embarked on after *Finnegans Wake* is still little more than a rumor. Any factual information about this new work would be welcomed by critics. It is to be hoped that the proposed collection of Joyce's letters, and perhaps the discovery of the trunkful of papers that are thought to have disappeared in the fall of France, will subsequently assist critics in attacking such problems as the proposed epic of the sea, the development of Joyce's ideas concerning his art, and the books and ideas which influenced him throughout his career. Mr. Gorman does, however, have much to tell of Joyce that is interesting and important. The picture of Joyce the man, as opposed to Joyce the author, is perhaps particularly important as a corrective to the mass of cold, critical, technical, and often silly exegesis that threatens at times to drown both Joyce and his work. If it were only for this reason, Mr. Gorman's biography would still rank high; but it can hold its own as an interesting, readable and at times acutely observant biographical study of a great contemporary artist.

R.G.N.B.

THERE IS NO ARMOUR: Howard Spring; Collins; pp. 576; \$3.50.

THE SONG OF THE FLEA: Gerald Kersh; Saunders (Heinemann); pp. 357; \$2.75.

There is a time toward the end of childhood when there seems to be all the time in the world to read all sorts of books which, although they cannot be called literature, are compelling enough in plot or atmosphere to absorb us completely, to take us out of ourselves. *There Is No Armour*, already a best seller in England, is one of these: long, skillfully told, full of Cornish sunlight and Welsh humor, crowd-

ed with characters and incident, the reminiscences of Edward Pentecost, R.A., flow good-humoredly on, and it is easy to see how the sharpness and color of his anecdote might carry one's interest along. Afterwards one rebels against the flaws in characterization—the abrupt conversion of Edward's mild and amiable father into a thoroughgoing money-grubbing religious bigot, and the surprising metamorphosis of his mistress, Iris, from a round-faced lolly-gagging baggage into a noble, understanding woman who ends up looking like a female Abraham Lincoln. None of this would disturb the adolescent, but it may well disturb you. If you have all the time in the world, or even three weeks on a desert island with nothing else to read, you may have time for Howard Spring; otherwise, bear it in mind for a maiden aunt at Christmastime.

Gerald Kersh writes escape novels of a somewhat different character, and it is fashionable at the moment to compare him with Charles Dickens. It is true that he has a Dickensian felicity in describing a character; what he lacks is Dickens' essential seriousness and depth; he has no moral juice. *The Song of the Flea* is a novel of that part of London's underworld which lives by its wits, and its hero is a seedy literary hack with a weakness for befriending quite deservedly unfortunate females. Time and again he is taken in, pawns his own true love, his typewriter, on their behalf, and finishes (and the book with him) where he began, in a horrible-smelly rooming house run by a horrible-smelly landlord. In Kersh's society of down-at-heel cut-throats no one, naturally, is ever honest, and Pym's only claim to being a hero in the usual sense is that he is sentimentally involved with some of his fellow-derelicts—a distinction which should, logically, be his downfall. The author, however, is sentimental, too, and Pym survives. Kersh is clever and has an acrid wit which almost, but not quite, sustains the book's length; you will remember his metaphors long after his plot and characters have faded from your mind. Try this one on uncle. D.H.M.

THE TWO WORLDS OF MARCEL PROUST: Harold March; Ryerson (University of Pennsylvania Press); pp. 276; \$5.00.

It was time for a good new study of Proust in English. Léon Pierre-Quint's excellent French study, *Marcel Proust, sa vie, son œuvre*, is not readily available to all of Proust's English readers, and Derrick Leon's *Introduction to Proust* is too elementary for those who are at all familiar with Proust. It is a pleasure to record that Professor March's book fills the gap extremely well, and will probably continue to do so for some years. His work will serve as a sound presentation of a difficult author to a new generation of readers. At the same time, however, it will prove valuable to the reader who already knows his Proust; for in producing this synthesis of Proust's life, work, and thought, the author has used much material only recently available.

What strikes one chiefly about this book is the author's sense of balance. The first chapter, "The Climate of Ideas," sets the background for Proust's development with clarity and conciseness. The essential material is there, reduced to the proper proportions for the purpose it serves. Proust's biography is dealt with in the same way—not cluttered with irrelevant details, but filled with information which illuminates the literary production. The facts of his emotional development are dealt with straightforwardly, but are not overstressed. Throughout, the emphasis is placed squarely where it belongs—on the novel itself. Well over half the book is devoted to a discussion of various aspects of *A la recherche du temps perdu*, its composition, its structure, and its meaning. Professor March's evident familiarity with all branches of Proust scholarship does not divert his attention

from his primary sources—the works and the voluminous correspondence. The book does not set out to be a highly "original" interpretation of Proust or his works; and yet it succeeds, perhaps the better for it, in presenting a refreshing view of that strange Proustian world.

Small errors have crept in, but they are mentioned here only in the hope that it may be helpful in event of a new edition. On page 100, for instance, I suspect that the date should be 1905, the date of Mme. Proust's death, instead of 1900. If the latter date is correct, a word of explanation is required. On page 150, the author tells us that Proust mentions six different possible sources for the "little phrase" of Vinteuil's sonata, and then proceeds to cite only five. Lastly, on page 193, does Professor March mean Vaugelas or Vauvenargues? The seventeenth century grammarian seems much less appropriate to his context than the eighteenth century moralist.

William S. Rogers.

EROS AT BREAKFAST: Robertson Davies; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 129; \$2.50.

Collections of plays by Canadian dramatists can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, and of these, the latest, Mr. Robertson Davies' *Eros at Breakfast*, must be considered as ranking with Merrill Denison's *Unheroic North*, or the now out-of-print *One Third of a Bill* by the late Fred Jacob. Here is authentic theatre-stuff, written by a man with an ear for the cadences of conversational speech, and an assured, if sometimes too facile, sense of theatrical effect. Davies has wit and something to say that is generally worth saying.

Of the five plays in the volume, the title-piece interested me least, even though it has been successfully produced, favorably adjudicated, and invited to the Edinburgh festival next fall. This "psychosomatic interlude" is precious, arty, self-consciously clever; stating in mannered fashion that love is as much an affair of viscera as it is of heart and head, and staging its scene in the pit of a young lover's stomach. "At the Gates of the Righteous" is a period piece with an unconvincing plot, though some excellent dialogue. "Hope Deferred" makes use of Count Frontenac as Shaw made use of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare in "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," to protest national philistinism and plead eloquently for a national theatre. "Overlaid" is a study, richly humorous, in rural frustration, with a delightfully Rabelaisian central figure. Most satisfying of the five, to me at any rate, is "The Voice of the People," a sharply etched comedy of small town manners, with four well-drawn characters and a clever twist to the plot. The five are slight fare, yet full of promise, already partially realized in his recently produced "Fortune, My Foe." That a Canadian playwright has found a Canadian publishing firm with the courage and discernment to bring out such a collection as this, in as handsome a format, is a hopeful sign. Grant Macdonald rates a bow for the admirably rococo jacket design.

W. S. Milne.

THE ROBBER: Bertram Brooker; Collins; pp. 307; \$3.00.

This is the story of Barabbas, the "notable prisoner" referred to in Matthew, released by Pontius Pilate to the multitude who were crying for the crucifixion of Jesus Christ. After a three-paragraph résumé of historical events at the time of the ruthless Herods, the reader is introduced to a wounded young giant fleeing for his life. This fugitive is "Bar-Abbas," or "son of his father" (a rabbi hanged as a rebel). Prince Joseph of Arimathea, one of several who befriend Barabbas, observes, "He believes himself to be the champion of the humble, yet I never saw a man so proud." Both the violent robber and the gentle Jesus were to influence Joseph deeply, and both these men were to be succored in the prince's sepulchre at Arimathea.

The "three most hated men in Israel" are vividly drawn by Mr. Brooker: Annas, the high priest Caiaphas, and Phanuel Ben-phabi. Their chicanery and attempts to remove Jesus were unknowingly helped by a fanatic visionary, the fever-ridden apothecary of the Alley of Spices—one Judas Iscariot. The hatred of these three members of the Sanhedrim had been aroused when Jesus denounced the temple dwellers for their commercialism in selling sacrifices along with routine forgiveness to penitents. Joseph, the youngest member of the Sanhedrim, tried to explain, "He (Jesus) does not save sinners by the exercise of power, but by filling the hearts of his hearers with love. That is his only power, and it is not power. It opposes power. Yet it is not weakness. It is strength. It is not helplessness, for if all loved, all would help one another. It washes away sin. It makes men anew. And yet—who would believe it?"

It is interesting to read the various accounts of Jesus' trial—say by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. And H. V. Morton *In the Steps of the Master*. And now Bertram Brooker. Mr. Brooker, winner of the 1936 Governor-General's Award for Fiction, searches for and respects authenticity, and the result is an excellent and engrossing novel.

Enid Sheppard.

THESEUS: André Gide (trans. by John Russell); Clarke, Irwin (Horizon); pp. 56; \$1.50.

The legend of Theseus has fascinated Gide for over thirty years. One can only feel grateful, on reading this recent *récit* (written 1944), that his final treatment of the tale was deferred till toward the end of his career when he could interpret it in terms of the totality of his own experience.

John Russell suggests, in the pithy introduction to his excellent translation, that the character of Theseus is compounded of qualities represented by Valéry, by Racine's Titus, and by Goethe, as well as by Gide himself. It is also true, it seems to me, that Gide's character overflows that of his Theseus. Is it not likely that Gide, the "creature of dialogue," intends us to find traces of his own multiple and contradictory personality in those separate entities sometimes set up in opposition to Theseus: in Daedalus, the inspired yet methodical and probing intellect; in Minos who "thinks that one must have understood before one can pass judgment and . . . that he will not be a good judge until he has experienced everything"; perhaps even in Pasiphae, who attributes her strange passions to her aspiration after divine things; and at the end, in Oedipus, whose intuitive, mystic and prophetic wisdom represents a position which is certainly not alien to Gide's development? Closest to Gide is naturally Theseus, the adventurer, the slayer of monsters, the builder of cities, the man who can look back, in his twilight years, on a life of accomplishment, and say, with a certain satisfaction, "I have lived."

William S. Rogers.

THE INDWELLING CHRIST: George C. Pidgeon; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 208; \$2.50.

This is a volume of sermons preached by Dr. Pidgeon to his own congregation in Bloor Street United Church, Toronto. In a preceding volume entitled *The Vicarious Life*, Dr. Pidgeon emphasizes the social implications of the Gospel. In this book he deals almost wholly with the inner personal life. However, even here the social side is not ignored as the following will show: "Christianity will never allow you to become a nationalist. A Nationalist stands for *his own race against other races*. Christianity according to Paul stands for one's own nation *on behalf of* other nations. Now the great powers of the world are summoned to surrender their claim to absolute independence and sovereignty to a world union, that the

rule of law may be upheld and that the interests of weak and strong alike may be maintained."

With reference to the economic phase he says, "The classes who stand to lose most by social change are forcing that change on the nation by their greed for gain. Whenever any individual or group insists on its own interest without regard to the effect of these claims on the general prosperity, it begins to prey on the society which it is pledged to save. This applies to trade, to management and labor, to the professions and to contending factions and sections in the nation."

These sermons constitute an interpretation and exposition of the life and work of the Apostle Paul. This man's contact with the risen Christ wrought a complete revolution in his thinking and his way of life. Sustained by this faith and fellowship he undertook the most arduous labors, endured the bitterest persecutions and the severest hardships, and gave himself unsparingly and unselfishly for the good of his fellows. He saved the Christian Church from being a mere Jewish sect and gave to the Christian Gospel world-wide significance. Those who seek to interpret the Good Life in purely mystical and individualistic terms as well as those whose conception of religion is solely sociological will find in Dr. Pidgeon's sermons a much needed corrective. To his great task Dr. Pidgeon has brought not only ripe scholarship but wide experience in meeting personal and social problems.

John Coburn

FOUR COUNTRIES: William Plomer; Clarke, Irwin; \$3.50.

William Plomer has done a considerable amount of traveling, for which one may be thankful. *Four Countries* is a series of stories (four for each) about South Africa, Japan, Greece, and England. The people, scenes, and situations in these stories represent with every mark of authenticity much of the climate of opinion and spirit of each of those countries in which the author lived and observed with sensitivity. His experiences have enabled him to order these very different worlds with considerable versatility (he is at one time a lyric poet, at another a realist), so that they not only become credible but hold in common a certain degree of significance. Unfortunately, owing to the kind of material he uses and the way he approaches it, now and then what is meant to be subtle appears inconsequential. Despite this, one cannot fail to appreciate the interest and importance of the examples by which he shows the conflict between the life that "delights in life" and various forms of tyranny.

The stories of Africa show the tyranny of white over black, with an insight and realism which has not been surpassed, though regrettably he still insists upon romanticizing the tribal life of the native African. Those of Japan remind us of the injustice of Japanese domestic life, of the terrible domination of suicide in that country, and of Emperor worship. In the Greek stories there is the triumph of environment over man's will and the resulting decadence; there is the tyranny of a great past. In the stories of pre-war England one meets snobbery, respectability, class-consciousness, treated lightly with some scorn and more amusement. In the earlier stories there are times when lyricism and rhetoric themselves become a little tyrannous, while the same is true of description for the sake of mood in the later, when situations tend to be rather thin. But, on the whole, the rich sense of reality and the variety of humor indicate just how decidedly the author is on the side of life.

David Parsons

THE SNOW PASTURE: P. H. Newby; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 224; \$2.25.

Mr. P. H. Newby, perhaps best known by his earlier *Agents and Witnesses*, lives up to his reputation as a superb

story-teller in *The Snow Pasture*. He does not indicate clearly what in this work the title refers to, but I believe that it very aptly describes the soul of a child. "Children," according to Mrs. Pindar—she is the heroine—"are always crying out to be born." It is a good thing for the readers that Clem and Ben, the two live wires of the novel, have had their cry heard, and one might indeed be led to assume that the sum total of those two early teen-agers constitutes a part of Mr. Newby's own vivid recollections of childhood. Although some of the grown-ups of *The Snow Pasture* do behave just like people out of a book, the author may be congratulated on his success with the not so terrible *enfants terribles*, who form a most engaging pair against a rather thinly sketched background of unsatisfactory family life, gang fights, and the unpleasant vapors of a mining town in Monmouthshire. Those boys are very real and because of that very real boyishness live in the pages—faunlike. They would cause little surprise were they to make a reed sing, sport goats' hooves, or swish tails: they embody the fears, hopes, and pride of youth eternal. Clem, the miner's son, causes a lot of worry to those concerned with bringing him up, generally much against their will. He wants to become a gentleman, while Ben, his pal, likes the toughness prevalent in the valley. Clem is probably the more lovable of the two, although Dr. Tim Hubbard may be remembered for saying: "I think I'll sell him to the gypsies." Tim is a gambler; his portrait has been drawn with but scant attention. He does, however, kick Clem out of his house and himself out of the story. All works out well and the end leaves the two cleverly painted fathers—Doctor Pindar and Mr. Johns, the miner—good friends, while their offspring appear a little embarrassed by so much display of good will. Altogether I can recommend the book as greatly amusing, certainly thrilling, and entirely enjoyable.

John Envers.

THE HOUR OF TRUTH: David Davidson; Random House; pp. 336; \$3.50.

William Harmon, like most men, went through a great deal before he achieved his "hour of truth." For some reason, known only to himself and author Mr. Davidson, Harmon suffered from a sense of inferiority about his manhood, impotence, and his position in society.

Harmon had to fly to Alba, "a Tobacco Road with royal palms" in Latin America, where he served as American legal officer and associate director before, paradoxically, he was able to find himself in his escape from himself. He regained his self-respect when he learned in one blinding moment that he had height because he was tall (in spirit), and *not* because those about him had been made to kneel.

In Harmon's revelation it may seem carping to argue that he was, in his hour of truth, "letting down" Ernestina, who loved him so unreservedly and desperately. Yet he "felt it was impossible that he should go on forever accepting her servitude. Or anyone's. In the end it would only corrupt him, as did every form of narcissism." And page 330 certainly explains his inner findings about Laura, whose "glorious promise" as an architect had been thwarted because he had sought, in his weakness, to rule over and dominate her.

Most appropriately, the jacket, designed by Sol Immerman, features an hour-glass.

Enid Sheppard.

THE TESTAMENT OF WERTHER IN POETRY AND DRAMA: Stuart Pratt Atkins; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Harvard University Press); pp. 322; \$5.50.

What was the fate of a popular novel at a time when its theme could not be exploited in movie scripts, radio adaptations, and "digested" versions? Mr. Atkins, Associate Professor of German at Harvard, has undertaken the task

of tracing the story of Goethe's *Die Leiden des jungen Werthers* from its appearance to the present day. He gives an account of the reception and interpretation of Goethe's great novel in England, Germany, and France, as reflected in poetic and dramatic works of admirers and imitators, as well as in critical expressions by enthusiastic or hostile readers. In short, Mr. Atkins tells the story of Werther's international fame.

Today Goethe's book is considered a classic psychological novel and an important document for the study of its author's development, as well as an example of the literature of sentiment which flourished in the latter half of the eighteenth century. However, while it has been famous—and notorious—ever since its first appearance, the reason for its fame has varied with the general outlook and the literary fashion of each period. It was, in turn, acclaimed or rejected as an expression of sentiment, as a highly immoral book, as a revolutionary tale, or as a work revealing a phase in Goethe's development.

Mr. Atkins interprets a great wealth of material, some of which he has newly brought to light. His bibliography (83 pages) inspires awe. This is an informative and interesting study in the field of comparative literature.

Hanna Spencer.

THE ROUND DANCE BOOK: Lloyd Shaw; Caxton, pp. 443; \$6.50.

The cowboy dances of Mr. Shaw's former book are danced by four couples formed in a square; but the "round" dances of this book are not, as in Playford or Cecil Sharp, dances in a ring or circle. They are dances done by a couple in waltz position, first seen among us in the eighteen-forties.

There is no question of Mr. Shaw's authority. As superintendent of a Colorado school, his personal zeal for riding, skiing, dramatics, and folk-dancing led him to place them in the school curriculum to such good effect that they gained him two honorary doctorates, magazine fame, and the supervision of cowboy dancing for the film, *Duel in The Sun*.

One who delights in the ordered patterns of the square dance, and the democratic values that Mr. Shaw rightly

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finds in it, will wonder that he is equally enthusiastic about "round" dances. Mr. Shaw would answer that it is the custom to dance "waltzes" between breakdowns, and he has found from experience that modern couple dances don't mix with square dances. For myself, there aren't enough breakdowns in an evening as it is. My wife explains that some people get tired; the "rounds" give the tired one time to rest, and keep the energetic ones occupied.

Those who like jitterbug or bebop will say that the dances expressing the life of today should have the first claim. Mr. Shaw is an attentive onlooker at the new dances, for he likes to see the dance growing and finding new forms. But some say that we can only tell a folk song if it still is sung after half a century. It is likely true too of a folk dance. Since I first whirled in polka round a nearly empty dance floor, I have known why we still dance it today, after a century.

There are fewer photographs than in *Cowboy Dances*, but the descriptions I have read show the same unfailing clearness of explanation that made the former book so useful.

N. Roy Clifton.

THE FREEBOOTERS: Robert Wernick; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 238; \$3.50.

In this novel of war-time Europe and Africa the backwater of the American Army meets and mingles with the backwater of Continental society, and all hands riot in the scum. Again, as in *Casualty* and *The Naked and the Dead*, soldiers are portrayed as in a perpetual and hence wearying vernal frenzy. This time they are part of a tiny unit such as followed the forward troops at a tremendously discreet distance, making reports on the civilian population and nuisances of themselves. From the midst of the whirl of incredible characters and their procreational preoccupations is heard, from time to time, the solemn voice of the protagonist, as he utters solid home truths about Army organization, the distribution of medals, racial discrimination, and similar matching themes, suggestive of the hitherto obscure fact that upon really close inspection things don't appear so good these days.

G. J. Wood.

RUDOLPH, THE TRAGEDY OF MAYERLING: Count Carl Lonyay; S. J. Reginald Saunders (Scribners); pp. 244; \$6.25.

What Count Lonyay asserts is probably quite true—that behind the carefully fostered legend of a dashing and gallant Crown Prince of Austria, dying romantically by the side of his beautiful mistress, lies a very different story of disease, decadence, and mental derangement. In telling that story, however, the Count has allowed a rather unpleasant tone to creep into his voice—that of the male court gossip; so that however accurate and interesting his facts are, the reader is inclined to doubt his interpretation of them, and to suspect that his zeal in debunking the legend is less a concern for historical truth than an itch to pay off some obscure family scores with a little counter-scandal. And he writes abominably.

D.H.M.

MORE IMPERTINENCE: Peter Arnott; Longmans, Green; pp. 222; \$3.75.

Judging by the annual production of books about India, it would seem that the great hobby of retired Indian Army Officers and Civil servants is writing books about their adventures in the mysterious East. This volume, while written from the usual superior and lofty heights on which the English of India dwell, has nevertheless the merit of being entertaining and readable. If you can imagine an Englishman in the tiger country who doesn't boast of shooting at least one man-eating beast, then here you have him.

As a change from detective stories and spy thrillers, *More Impertinence* will round out a summer week-end in a most satisfactory manner.

Mark G. Cohen

SAILING, A GUIDE FOR EVERYMAN: Aubrey de Selincourt; Longmans, Green (John Lehmann); pp. 142; \$2.50.

The latest in a distinguished line of English handbooks for the amateur sailor. The book is practical and the author writes with charm and enthusiasm for the beginner who wants to avoid expensive yachts and to enjoy the freedom that comes from acknowledging the winds and the waves as his master.

C.R.F.

BALLETONOMANIA: Arnold Haskell; Longmans, Green; pp. 350; \$2.75.

With the growing enthusiasm in Canada about the ballet, a new edition of this book should be of considerable value and interest to Canadians. Even after fifteen years and twenty printings, *Balletomania* retains its atmosphere of excited enchantment. The subtitle, "The Story of an Obsession," indicates the fact which the book proves—that the author is completely absorbed in and enslaved by his subject, but it is an infectious absorption and an intelligent enslavement. The enthusiasm is backed by solid knowledge and years of study and experience, and the result is an authoritative and entertaining book, mainly about the Russian ballet, its great days, its great names, its achievements, failures, travels, traditions, intrigues, and personalities, with frequent excursions into the why and wherefore of the classic ballet, its genealogy, philosophy, and general importance. It is impossible to go into detail about the wealth of technical lore, criticism, and anecdote that make up such a vivid whole, and while to Canadian readers there may be references that are mysterious, and sometimes a feeling of remoteness, as if we were watching a brilliantly lit performance of something not quite real, these small points cannot damage the charm or value of this book. One hesitates to use the overworked word "classic" but *Balletomania* is close to becoming one.

E. G. Langdale.



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